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NATIONAL REVIEW

IRON LADY:
MARGARET THATCHER AND THE REVIVAL OF THE WEST
By Ronald Reagan

CONCORDE SPEED: AROUND THE WORLD AT MACH 2
By Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

SACRED COWS: FIVE MYTHS OF FEMINISM
By Nicholas Davidson

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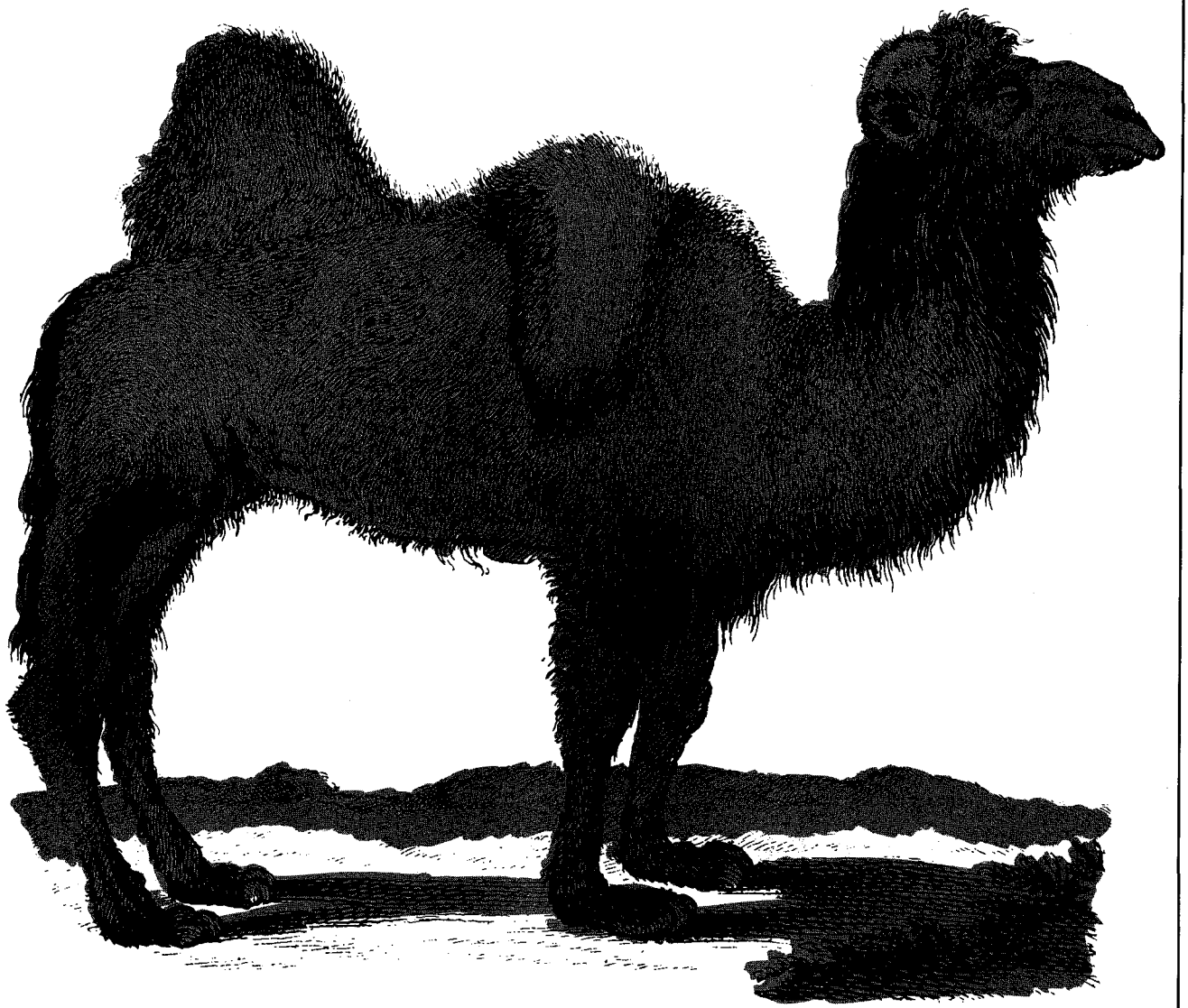

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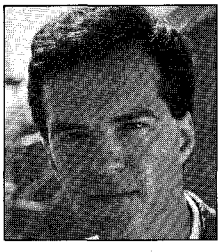
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LETTERS

Pre-emptive Capitulation

Tom Bethell's excellent essay on the double standard applied to Jim Baker is long overdue ["Jim Baker: Ministering to the Media," May 5]. I hope Mr. Bethell will do a follow-up on the myth of Baker's political genius. The fact is that Baker's brand of pragmatism, justly criticized for revealing a lack of principle, is also deficient in terms of getting practical results.

As Bethell notes in passing, Baker's career has been marked by such political failures as his own race for attorney general in Texas, the Ford campaign of 1976, and the Bush campaign of 1980. In the 1988 presidential election, according to many staffers with whom I have talked, Baker opposed using what turned out to be some of the most successful issues in the campaign. Fortunately for President Bush, Baker was overruled by other, more politically savvy senior aides.

When he was White House Chief of Staff under Reagan, Baker's penchant for compromise led him to whittle away at the main sources of the President's political strength. Most notably, he was a leader of the cabal that attempted to have Mr. Reagan back off from his hard-line stance against raising taxes. Baker's political antennae are well attuned to the conventional wisdom in the capital, but not to the opinions of the average U.S. citizen.

This same urge to accept the ruling opinion inside the Beltway as Administration policy is visible in Baker's deal with Congress abandoning the Contras —in return for "humanitarian" aid that had previously been voted without such compromises. It appears that Baker, as Secretary of State, will now be practicing his strategy of pre-emptive capitulation on a global scale.

Fred Mann
Alexandria, Va.

Cocktail-Hour Scribbles

Your article on reapportionment ["Beware the Gerrymander, My Son," April 7] states that Representative Phil Burton, California's gerrymandering Svengali, bargained California's districts in a Sacramento Chinese restaurant with maps spread out on a table.

He did no such thing. Since the secret of successful gerrymandering is to divulge strategy to no one, Phil never used maps. He simply kept all the districts in his head.

Well, he did map his districts for Republicans once, but that was on a tablecloth in a Washington bar. We tried to decipher the map later, but since Phil could drink as well as he could gerrymander, we never figured it out.

Tony Quinn
Sacramento, Calif.

The writer was chief reapportionment consultant for California Assembly Republicans in 1981.

Shooting Down Lorenzo

Conservatism means, among other things, holding to principle. With that in mind, I hope that Frank Lorenzo is not on your list of businessmen to be admired ["Crashing Eastern," April 7]. Lorenzo is out of the robber-baron school, whose graduates have given both big business and conservatism a bad name.

Eastern Airlines was well on its way to bankruptcy before this strike smoked Lorenzo out of his burrow and into the light of some publicity about his corporate rape of Eastern. Surely, as good journalists, you got the facts about that rape before concluding that its victim did not use "the cleverest union strategy." Surely you got the facts before stating that Lorenzo "also has a more successful non-union airline, Continental." My data show that Continental has *lost* $574 million since January 1987, in spite of the advantage it took from Eastern. Texas Air, overall, lost a stunning $718.6 million last year alone.

The March 27 issue of *BusinessWeek* says, "Texas Air wound up a winner at Eastern's expense." This is *BusinessWeek*, not a union strike poster. What it does *not* point out, however, is that some of the fire-sale prices for Eastern's assets were further diluted by being paid in deferred junk notes.

NR speaks of Eastern's "current crop of union saboteurs," but have you talked to any of these "company crashers"? I have. And they love their company—as it was before Lorenzo got his hands on it. If they don't hold onto their jobs—well, they'll be no worse off than they would if they hadn't taken action.

David D. Fagerland
Pilot, United Airlines
Mercer Island, Wash.

→

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The number of jobs at Eastern fell from 43,000 in 1986 to 4,500 today, and nobody expects even half of the lost jobs to return. Those trying to put the pieces back together are talking about major union "concessions"—pay cuts, not increases. Pilots can always find work elsewhere in the industry, but some of the older machinists and stewardesses may not be able to.

The missed point of the editorial was that it is the passengers, not airline management, that ultimately have to pay airline wages and perks. The days of cost-plus regulation, when the government would simply force passengers to cover the cost of higher wages, are over. Passengers can now strike too, taking their business to a more cost-conscious carrier.

Was the strategy of Eastern's unions effective? *We stand by our early prediction of lost jobs and lower wages for its workers. Being angry at Mr. Lorenzo —although there is much justification for such anger—seems less constructive than being sad about the fate of Eastern's employees.* —ED.

And the Survey Says . . .

Richard John Neuhaus has always been a clever one with words, but I must say his column of March 24 ["So Much Change, So Little Difference"], in which he twists my study of survey data on American religion, is a *tour de force* even for him. He somehow uses my research to support exactly the opposite position. For instance: "So it may be that the sociological sameness disguises a profound theological difference. The indicators of social science say little or nothing about the authenticity of the religiousness they indicate."

Well, yes, but it is not proper, as Pastor Neuhaus does, to deduce from sociological sameness profound theological differences. They may exist, they may not. The data certainly do not prove that there is this vast theological difference.

Moreover, in the final chapter of the book, I address myself precisely to the question of whether American religion is authentic or not. Pastor Neuhaus should have had the courtesy of considering that chapter when he wrote his column.

Andrew M. Greeley
Chicago, Ill.

Perhaps I should not have mentioned in passing that Father Greeley had issued "a helpful little book" of survey research on religion. The column was my own reflection on religion and secularization. I don't know why Father Greeley imagined it was supposed to be a review of his book. On the other hand, authors frequently are that way. —RJN

The Artful Dodger

In his review of Leonard Levy's *Original Intent and the Framers' Constitution* [Dec. 30], Joseph Sobran argued that there should not be a constitutional right to privacy for the same reason that there was no constitutional right to liberty. The Framers, he said, "protected privacy, like liberty, through more specific provisions, such as the guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure." When I pointed out to him ["A Right to Privacy?" March 24] that there is in fact an express constitutional right to liberty in the texts of both the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, he attempted to extricate himself as follows: "As 'liberty' is used in the Fifth Amendment, it doesn't support Mr. Jaffa's case, it hurts it. The context makes clear that the liberty in question is the specific liberty to move around unincarcerated . . . The provision means simply that we can't be imprisoned . . . without a trial." Mr. Sobran is artful, but he cannot escape the fact that he forgot the actual Constitution in his Burkean eagerness to purify it of "metaphysical" abstractions. To say that the Framers of the Fifth Amendment meant only that no person can be

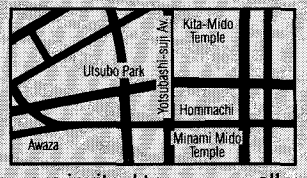
NORTHWEST

THERE'S NOTHING SIMPLE ABOUT A BUSINESS TRIP TO OSAKA

The complexities of doing business in Osaka can be overwhelming. Not only is the language foreign, but the rituals and business practices are quite different from our own. For this reason, the power of having just a little knowledge beforehand should never be underestimated.

WORD POWER. Try to type up all your ideas and the points you want to make at your meetings, so you can hand it out before you start. The Japanese understand written English much better than they do the spoken word.

DINING FOR DOLLARS. Kicho is one of the most well-known restaurants in all of Japan. It's also the absolute best, so it's always booked. If you are invited to dine there, cancel all plans and go. 3-23 Korai-bashi, Higashi-ku, Osaka. Tel: 231-1937.



THE PERFECT GIFT. If you need a special gift, try a string of pearls from Mikimoto, 1F Shin-Hankyu Blg. 1-12-39 Umeda, Kitaku.

OSAKA CENTRAL. Although friendly, Osaka's taxi drivers speak almost no English, so get all your directions written in Japanese before you leave the hotel. It's an enormous, congested city, so make sure to allow time for traffic delays.

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imprisoned without a trial is one of those truisms that aren't even true—since the amendment was framed and ratified at a time when countless Americans were held as chattel slaves. To be guaranteed a trial implies that the statute under which one is tried is one that Congress (or, in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, the states) had a constitutional right to enact.

In the case of *Dred Scott*, the Supreme Court decided that Congress had no power to exclude slavery from a United States territory. It decided, therefore, that Dred Scott—notwithstanding the fact that he had been taken to live in a territory from which Congress had excluded slavery—was not entitled to his liberty. He remained a slave, and he was denied the liberty guaranteed to him by the Fifth Amendment, without any trial for any offense whatsoever.

From the end of Reconstruction—and for nearly three-quarters of a century—black people were convicted, fined, and sent to jail (or worse) for violating Jim Crow laws that never had any constitutional right to be on the statute books. That blacks were tried—and sometimes even given "fair" trials—in no way extenuates either the constitutional or the natural injustice of their treatment. Eventually, the courts did declare Jim Crow unconstitutional. In short, what someone may be tried for is no less important an element in the constitutional right to liberty than that he receive a fair trial. The Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments are directed at both questions.

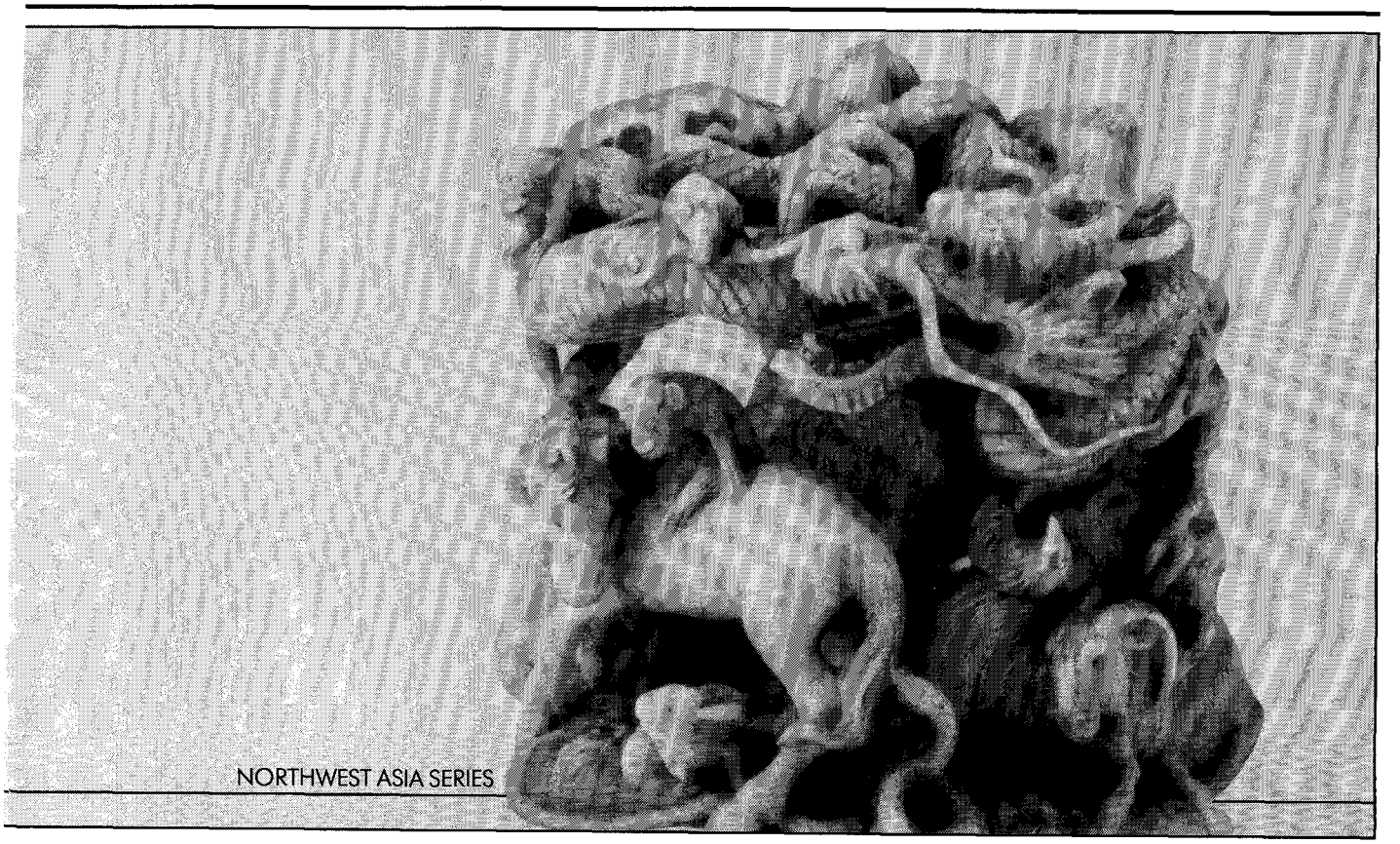
And now a word of caution to my overzealous friend. In his anxiety to nullify *Roe* v. *Wade* and its antecedent in *Griswold*, he—like many other conservatives—may be striking at a future in which the idea of judicial activism may take on a very different color from what it has today. The most powerful political ground-swell in California today is the slow-or-no-growth movement. It is led by left-wing environmentalists who want to stop everything that results in more people wanting to live here. Eventually, I can foresee a day when an organized movement will try to pass laws which, as in Communist China, will limit couples in the number of children they are permitted, and in which abortion might be used as a means of enforcement. I can also foresee euthanasia being advocated—perhaps under the guise of limiting medical care for the elderly, as has already been suggested by a governor of Colorado. I think conservatives must gird their loins to fight battles on these issues, and to do so first and foremost in the court of public opinion. But they may find—like the leaders of the civil-rights movement—that they need the help of the courts in their struggle for the mind of the public. When that time comes, they may find that the Ninth Amendment, Justice Goldberg's concurring opinion in *Griswold*, and a conservative judicial activism are very much in their interest.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

If the Fifth Amendment referred to liberty in as general (or "metaphysical") a sense as Mr. Jaffa believes, slavery would have been unconstitutional from the start. But the Fifth Amendment covers only deprivations of life, liberty, and property by government, and specifically by the Federal Government. This is—so obviously—why the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments were necessary.

Jim Crow laws were evil, but not therefore unconstitutional. Mr. Jaffa's view of "privacy" may have its political uses for conservatives, but that has nothing to do with whether it's sound. To adopt a view because it serves your interest rather than on its merits is what's usually meant by "overzealous." —JS

[*This contribution terminates the exchange, at least for the time being.*—ED.]



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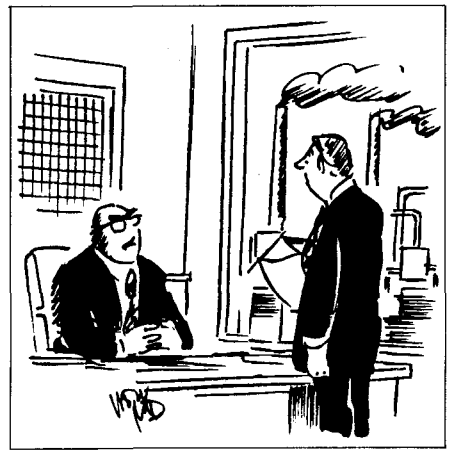
FOR THE RECORD

Slab-fisted bigwigs among House Democrats preached hell and damnation in the fortnight before the House ethics committee released its damaging report on **Jim Wright**. Earlier on, Wright champion Rep. **Charles Wilson** (Tex.), a senior member of the Appropriations Committee, was predicting that only about "24 yellow-belly turncoat Democrats" would vote against the Speaker. "Jim will be fine," he said. "The sun is going to shine on everyone but [Rep. **Chester**] **Atkins** and [Rep. **Bernard**] **Dwyer**," the two Democratic ethics-committee members who, it had been leaked, would vote with the Republicans on the Wright indictment. . . . Fellow Texan **Jack Brooks**, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, dismissed allegations about Wright's business methods. You would have thought, Brooks said of the Speaker, that "he had shot four nuns in a church." . . . But when the report was released, and all but two Democrats on the ethics committee were found to have joined the Republicans on three important allegations, the Democrats pulled back. . . . *Washington Post* quoted one unidentified Democratic congressman: "[The report is] damaging as hell. . . . In this institution we fly or die by public perceptions." . . . And public perceptions are hurting. Late-April *Washington Post* poll showed 46 per cent of those questioned think Wright "probably has committed serious violations" (only 16 per cent think he hasn't); 77 per cent think he should step down if House finds him guilty. But, in stinging indictment of Congress, 56 per cent felt Wright was "about as ethical as other members of Congress," and, sad news for GOP, only 37 per cent identified him as a Democrat. . . . Democratic Reps. **Peter Kostmayer** (Pa.) and **David Nagle** (Iowa) both found charges on the book deal "troublesome" and "damaging." . . . From opposite end of the spectrum, **Donald Devine** of **Ronald Reagan**'s grassroots lobby, Citizens for America, disagreed on the importance of books/condos/limos in the affair. "I say let Mr. Wright peddle some books and drive a nice car if he will stop bankrupting banks and busting the budget with $200-billion favors for his Savings & Loan friends."



Holland, *Punch* / Rotheo

"Environmentalists? Not in my back yard!"

A hundred days into new Administration, Vice President **Dan Quayle** is emerging as leading advocate of SDI in **Bush** White House. Speech Quayle gave to Navy League in Washington endorsing the SDI "brilliant pebbles" strategy was cleared by NSC but is said to have annoyed NSC Advisor **Brent Scowcroft**, a longtime skeptic on SDI. . . . *New York Times* Washington reporter **Maureen Dowd**, in think-piece on Quayle, says he adds a "touch of cayenne to the Administration's bland caution." Quayle himself comments that a VP has very little "wiggle space." . . . Quayle is doing considerably better than man who derided him so unmercifully last year. Latest *Boston Globe* poll shows **Michael Dukakis** with 19 per cent approval rating in Massachusetts. . . . **Fred Brown** of National Black Republican Council ever so happy his group withdrew from New Orleans national black convention last week after organizers advised them **Louis Farrakhan**, **Angela Davis**, and **Stokely Carmichael** would after all attend. In well-applauded speech to the convention, Farrakhan charged the U.S. Government with spreading AIDS in Central America and with trying to decimate black and Hispanic Americans by spreading crack and cocaine in ghettos. He called for "reparations" for all black Americans descended from slaves, and for formation of "mineral rich" country in Africa to which black American prisoners could be sent. How was this received? Commented former Mayor **Richard Hatcher** of Gary, Indiana: "Minister Farrakhan finished the meeting in a way . . . that will cause all of us to leave here renewed, recharged, determined to end the problems of racism." . . . Recent ABC-*Washington Post* poll shows Bush with astonishing 62 per cent approval rating among black Americans.

Fascinating poll of U.S. religious leaders finds fundamentalists the only down-the-line conservatives; mainline Protestants are *liberalissimi*, and Roman Catholics are closer to mainliners than to fundamentalists on all but a few social issues (abortion, women in the home, homosexuality). *Mainline Protestants:* 80 per cent called themselves liberal, two out of three are pro-abortion, most rank the Sandinistas above Ronald Reagan. *Catholics:* 59 per cent call themselves liberal, 23 per cent conservative; 22 per cent are "pro-choice"; on a list of 12 political figures they rank **Ralph Nader** first, Reagan ninth. *Fundamentalists:* 61 per cent are conservative, 13 per cent liberal; 90 per cent see "faith in **Jesus**" as church's primary mission; favorite public figure is Reagan, followed by **Margaret Thatcher**.

Two hundred years ago, as **George Washington** arrived in New York for his Inaugural as first President of the United States, a debate raged on what to call him: "His Excellency"? "His Elective Majesty"? "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of the Rights of the Same"? **James Madison** called for the simple "President of the United States," which won out. **John Adams**, who favored the more orotund formulations, emerged from debate as "His Rotundity."

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THE WEEK

☐ What we want to know is, how come Jim Wright, who can knock down $55,000 for a little book he didn't even write, makes his poor wife work long hours for a lousy 18 grand?

☐ Will someone save us from the Hundred Days—the compulsion to compare the beginning of every new Presidency with a few months in 1933? Yes, FDR did a lot then. He also had a lot to do, being in the midst of a Depression. He also didn't do it very well, since the Depression kept right on going until it was replaced by World War II. That doesn't mean you ought to do nothing. George Bush, the commentators note, has spent his hundred days like a rudderless dory off Bidderford Light, and there is a semi-consensus that drifting isn't half bad. Depends on which way the drift takes you. Bush couldn't save John Tower, made a meager best of a bad deal on the Contras, casually discarded the notion of tuition tax credits in a talk with some high-school kids, proposed raising the minimum wage and then threatened to veto any Democratic effort to raise it more. . . . No need to start bailing. We just wonder nervously what the skipper will do come a squall.

☐ On paper, the bipartisan budget agreement lowers the deficit to only $99 billion in fiscal 1990, just making the $100-billion Gramm-Rudman-Hollings target. In reality the $28-billion package of spending cuts and revenue enhancements is so vague, the economic and interest-rate projections that underlie the budget projections are so vulnerable, and the practice of allowing actual deficits to slip far past the legal limits so entrenched, that a deficit closer to $150 billion might be a safer bet. Now, as Milton Friedman often points out, deficits of this magnitude do have their uses: does anyone doubt that federal spending would have increased even more than the 29 per cent real rise since 1980 if not for the restraining effect of the deficit? But lying to ourselves about the size of the deficit actually weakens it as a defense against runaway spending. In the meantime, in lieu of a Balanced Budget Amendment, the deficit will just have to do.

☐ The Bush Administration is cutting $7 billion from the funds it is requesting for the SDI program over the next five years, which means spending $33 billion instead of $40 billion. Those cuts are not, in themselves, necessarily a big deal, since a new and cheaper technology is emerging: brilliant pebbles [see "Defense Cubed," by James J. Frelk, *NR*, May 5]. These are cheap and simple interceptors that orbit in space and then zero in on a Soviet missile—or for that matter a Qaddafi missile (the Mad Dog?). Promising. But we are wary of a developing pattern of "pre-emptive concession" on the part of the Bush Administration. Keep an eye on it.

☐ A roving gang of mostly black youths, some as young as 14, grabbed a young white woman as she was jogging in Central Park just after sundown, raped her, slashed her with a knife, and beat her senseless with a lead pipe, a brick, and rocks. She lay comatose until a passerby found her in the morning. New York's finest rounded up most of the gang, some of whom confessed, some of whom blamed the others, none of whom displayed any remorse. After booking at the precinct holding cell, they laughed, joked, and broke into a rendition of their theme song, "Wild Thing." It seems that "wilding," or random gang violence against whoever happens to be in the way, is a new pastime in New York. As we go to press, the woman is still unconscious, with heavy brain damage; her parents have flown in from Pennsylvania to sit by her bedside. We await the comments of all those pundits who were quick to draw large conclusions about the national character from the Howard Beach incident.

☐ Here's the latest on the New York City Republican mayoral nomination, which, for the first time in years,

Soaking the Seniors

The wealthy elderly—that is,
Those who, through benefits or biz,
  Gross forty thou'—
Will, April next, be hit up for
Eight hundred bucks, which may be more
  Than under Mao.

W. H. von Dreele

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may be worth something. The Liberal Party endorsed Republican Rudolph Giuliani, an endorsement that, considering his politics—wishy-washy on abortion; in favor of *extending* rent control—he had worked to earn. The Conservative Party, whose nomination Giuliani also flexibly sought, moved to stop him. The instrument they picked for the purpose was Ronald Lauder, whose main qualifications are that he has 1) lots of money and 2) the support of Senator Alfonse D'Amato. D'Amato dislikes Giuliani because 1) Giuliani is another Italian Republican and 2) D'Amato and Mayor Koch, the incumbent, have been friends time out of mind. There is now also a move afoot to challenge Giuliani in the Liberal primary. Are you still with us? Meanwhile, the best conservative candidate in the Republican primary remains Herb London, who has 1) no money and 2) no patrons but 3) sensible ideas on how to save a city that is looking more and more like Constantinople, c. 1452.

☐ Ethics fever spread from Washington to Tokyo, as Japanese Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita announced his resignation in the wake of the Recruit Cosmos scandal. The scandal, which involved a new company buying government goodwill through preferential stock deals, has tainted much of the leadership of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP). It has already forced the resignations of three cabinet members, two opposition members of the Diet, and two newspaper executives. But Takeshita might not have fallen if he hadn't been doing the U.S. a favor: restructuring the Japanese tax code to increase domestic demand and so satisfy our trade-balance demands. The resignation was part of a deal with the opposition to pass that tax package; it may also have been timed to influence the next U.S. trade report, which was expected to list Japan as a major "trade criminal"; perhaps we will give the new prime minister, Masayoshi Ito, a grace period. Let's hope so. As Roger A. Brooks, director of the Heritage Foundation's Asian Studies Center, points out, "We may be making a mistake using the change in leadership to tighten the screws on Japan on trade issues, because that pressure will encourage the rise to power of the young Turks (especially in the LDP) who increasingly believe the U.S. has become an unreliable strategic partner." Mikhail Gorbachev is expected to turn his charm on Japan after the forthcoming Sino-Soviet summit. He has the Kurile Islands and northern territories, seized by Stalin at the end of World War II, for use as a diplomatic carrot; we should not make trade hysteria into a complementary stick.

☐ Remember the plane crash last August that killed President Zia and the U.S. ambassador to Pakistan? The one where the plane mysteriously exploded in mid flight—cause never revealed. The son of President Zia, Ijaz ul-Haz, claims the U.S. knows who downed his father's plane, but is covering up a case of sabotage—presumably Soviet sabotage. It is reported that he is preparing a $1-billion lawsuit against Lockheed to force it to reveal why its Hercules C-130 crashed shortly after takeoff. Stay tuned.

The Fishhead Analogy

In the boonies there is clucking;
  In the cloakrooms there is gloom.
If the Democrats keep bucking
  Speaker Wright's approaching doom,
Chipped ice and refrigeration
  Will not, in the end, prevail,
As a rank discoloration
  Reaches dorsal fin and tail.

W. H. von Dreele

☐ West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl has given up. Running for his political life in the wake of recent defeats in local elections, he has abandoned all but the barest pretense of support for a nuclear defense of Europe. He has already received guarantees from the United States and Britain not to press him on the modernization of short-range nuclear weapons until after his December 1990 election; now he is asking Washington for "speedy" talks with the Soviets on elimination of those same weapons—a position long urged by his junior coalition partner, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher of the liberal Free Democratic Party. The current wisdom, expressed by such as the *New York Times*'s R. W. Apple Jr., is that this is all a response to "the Moscow whirlwind, Mikhail S. Gorbachev." For ourselves, we do not blame this all on Mr. Gorbachev's charm. In our special issue on the INF treaty, "Reagan's Suicide Pact" (May 22, 1987), John P. Roche wrote, "The most profound impact of a bilateral deal would be on West Germany . . . For them to be left twisting in the wind by a great-power agreement would create an extremely dangerous vacuum in the heart of Europe, [and] revive the unilateral disarmers among the Social Democrats and the Greens . . ." Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger added: "Faced with such prospects, no German government will be able to resist for long the siren song of denuclearization . . ." Don't say we didn't warn you.

☐ Over the last decade, the African National Congress (ANC), a Soviet-sponsored "liberation movement," has attacked South African industry, causing millions of dollars in damage; fire-bombed cars throughout the country, killing blacks and whites alike; bombed shopping centers, rugby games, art galleries, and more. It practices indiscriminate terror in

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black neighborhoods, attempting to illustrate that it is the voice of black South Africa, and advocates violence as the only means of achieving freedom from the white government. Nonetheless, according to a 1988 report from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the UN High Commission for Refugees is in cahoots with the ANC. The Foreign Relations Committee interviewed a number of blacks who had attempted to flee South Africa. It consistently found that the refugees were sent at UNHCR expense to Tanzania or Zambia, where they were placed in camps run by the ANC. Those who have escaped report that "arbitrary detentions for political dissent, beatings, and even deaths from beatings routinely take place in the ANC camps . . . ." We left UNESCO for less.

☐ We note that Adolf Hitler, on his hundredth birthday, has become a god. The idea must seem paradoxical in a civilization shaped by one of the great Semitic religions (Christianity, Judaism, Islam), which associate God with mercy and justice. Yet in large parts of the world, worship has been given to gods and goddesses—Moloch, Kali—who are frankly horrible. Primitive societies worship with incense and sacrifice. Modern men worship with thought and attention. To a skeptical and religious age, Hitler is the last metaphysical guarantee of evil and therefore of its opposite, good. But we need to keep a sense of proportion even with Hitler, who was evil rather than Evil. The absolutizing of a monster is both absurd and needless. It is an offense to the superior religions of our traditions—which account for good and evil far more profoundly than does the perverse Hitler cult—and an insult to the victims of evil men in every age, not just our own.

☐ In a city where image is half the game, a shined shoe is a powerful commodity—if, of course, the law allows it. Until recently, you could sell hot dogs, rabbit-fur hats, and photographs of Oliver North on the streets of Washington, D.C., but you could not shine shoes. That is, until Ego Brown put a luster on things. He had employed four homeless men to run his shoeshine stands around the city until police scuffed up his business and booted him into office buildings. Brown then went to court and reversed the Jim Crow law enacted to prohibit entrepreneurial activities by blacks. Now the image-makers of Tinseltown East can put their best foot forward, and Ego Brown no longer has to spend his time loafing around.

☐ *NR*'s first annual Salman Rushdie Award goes to Joe Papp, impresario of New York's Public Theater, and Colleen Dewhurst, president of the Actor's Equity Association, who have joined in leading a media campaign demanding the ouster of John Simon, *NR*'s film critic, from his other job as *New York* magazine's drama critic. Simon's offense was to publish a review in *New York* critical of the "non-traditional casting" in Papp's production of *The Winter's Tale*. Given the actor Mandy Patinkin's stereotypically Jewish looks, Simon argued, Patinkin made a poor choice for the role of King Leontes. Alfre Woodard, a squeaky-voiced black actress, was in Simon's view an equally unconvincing Paulina. The problem of "non-traditional" casting is an aesthetic one, of course—one on which we'd like to think reasonable people can disagree. Not so Mr. Papp and Miss Dewhurst, who quickly went nuclear with charges of racism and bigotry. Other voices soon joined in—including that of the Harlem daily, *Amsterdam News*, which charged Simon with "quite consciously seeking to preserve Western standards"—all calling for Mr. Simon's head, so to speak. Rumors that Mr. Simon has removed himself to a secluded cottage in the English countryside are unsubstantiated.

☐ The drug runners in the Mexican border town of Matamoros who are charged with killing 14 people are reported to have acted in obedience to the rituals of the Cuban voodoo cult Santeria. No word from the ACLU on whether this is what the Founders had in mind when they wrote the "no establishment" clause, but it's early days yet.

☐ Before she hit the big time doing nudies in *Little Vera* (the Soviets' first venture in seamy cinema) and in *Playboy*, actress Natalya Negoda was, it seems, a delegate to the first U.S.A.-USSR Emerging Leaders Summit last December, in which role she did next to nothing except observe that Americans smile too much. "If I smiled that much in the Soviet Union, the people would think I'm an idiot." Hmm. Either she is, or we are, or Soviets don't have much to smile about. Any opinions?

☐ President Bush and the Congress have agreed on a federal budget, and if that can happen, no doubt about it, we do smile too much.

What the Wright Hand's Doing

WITH A FATALLY WOUNDED Jim Wright now bleeding all over the Democratic Party, Washington is busy searching for the moral. To many Americans, the Speaker's downfall is but a Republican attempt to even up the score for the felling of Bork, Meese, and Tower—i.e., politics as usual. True enough, it's not likely that *l'affaire Wright* would have exploded had not John Tower been so shabbily treated by a Democratic-controlled Senate. But what's at stake here is much larger than graft and greed, larger than Republican revenge, larger than Jim Wright himself.

To begin with, the differences between Jim Wright and the victims in the Reagan and Bush Administra-

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tions are illuminating. Robert Bork, arguably the finest constitutional mind in the country, was rejected essentially on suspicion of conservative thoughtcrime. John Tower didn't make the cut because he apparently enjoyed a cocktail or two, a not-unheard-of pleasure even in puritan Washington. And the worst a $1.7-million investigation of Ed Meese could turn up was that the former Attorney General had delayed payment of $3,479 in capital-gains tax and that he ought to have been more "sensitive to the possibility" that he may have improperly helped out a friend, even though he had received nothing in return. In sharp contrast to all this, as our accompanying story reports ("Mr. Wright's Wrongs," p. 16), Special Outside Counsel Richard Phelan found much evidence of financial finagling and the acceptance of gifts and services from people with a "direct interest" in legislation before the House.

Inasmuch as Speaker Wright was often to be found casting the first stone at these others, it's hard not to feel that a certain street justice has triumphed. Nevertheless, we do have some sympathy for his argument that he is the victim of shifting moral standards, ever changing in Washington in the post-Watergate era. For this reason, too, we would support the Speaker's right to remain in his chair, despite the precedent for stepping down during an investigation. Whether a man who loves his country and his party as much as Jim Wright says he does would remain in that chair is, of course, another question, one doubtless being put to him by his fellow Democrats today.

Our main concern, however, is for the public, which deserves more than another resignation. At almost $2 million, this investigation cost a great deal more than the money that supposedly changed hands. The American public is not served when politics degenerates into a partisan body-count. In the wake of the Wright scandal, congressional morals would probably best be served by raising salaries to a level commensurate with responsibilities rather than trying to tighten up loopholes with more regulations. And the political health of the country would certainly be improved if this helps convince Washington to trade in all its special prosecutors and costly hearings for a return to the basics of any democratic system: fair elections, a respect for process over outcome, and a true division of power. When such a trade looks available, give us a call.

Gilbert Shelton

Shovel Diplomacy in the Republic of Georgia

Hero Today, Gone Tomorrow

THE TRIAL OF Oliver North was like a night at the Kabuki theater: for specialists, filled with details from which they take the pleasure of continual repetition varied by minute differences; for the rest of us, an exercise in stupefaction.

The most remarkable thing, perhaps, is how little we've learned. It's not as if Fawn Hall were making her debut, after all. Ronald Reagan did not testify, which was, in the context of this affair, a familiar absence. The press made much of supposed revelations of George Bush's involvement, even as it conceded that Bush's action—soft-soaping Honduras so that the Contras could stay there—was legal: Congress had forbidden the Administration to pass funds directly through foreign countries, but cutting off all dealings with every country that had dealings with the Contras would have required not only keeping Bush out of Honduras, but ending aid to Israel and refusing to pay Saudi Arabia for oil.

The key questions, now as always, are political.

Why didn't Reagan pardon North? Reagan wanted the Contras to survive. North was attempting to ensure their survival. Was the colonel following the President's orders? Constantine Menges, a conservative who was in a position to know, has argued that North was a grandiose zealot, quite capable of concocting orders out of thin air. But clearly he did not misread Reagan's general intentions. Reagan himself gave credence to the notion that North was doing his bidding when he called North a "hero." With the precedent of Ford's pardon of Nixon before him, he must have calculated that letting North off the hook would have caused an eruption of disapproval that would have devastated the Bush Administration and besmirched his own reputation. So Bush was able to enjoy a two-month honeymoon, whereupon the Senate rejected John Tower, and congressional normalcy resumed. Crises come early or late, but they come. It would have been best to get this one over sooner.

Why were the Contras in such a perilous position in the first place? The answer is Congress, or two factions of it: the fifty or so members of the House, mostly Democrats, whose continual changes of mind —Ortega coos, cut off aid; Ortega's in Moscow, bring it back—made any final resolution impossible; and the Dear Comandante crowd, the useful idiots (Jim Wright) and worse (George Crockett) who viewed the Sandinistas as Democrats in a hurry, and worked

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faithfully for their victory. The size of the second faction made the first, smaller faction marginally decisive. So American policy on Nicaragua remained in chaotic stasis.

Why couldn't the White House change Congress's mind? It tried, of course. There was something heroic about the hours of lobbying, on the Hill and at the grassroots. And yet . . . and yet it always fell short of the full-court press. Two elections occurred while Colonel North was laboring at his NSC desk, the Reagan-Mondale wipeout, and the off-year election two years later. If the Republicans had told voters that, for the first time in history, there was a Communist government on the American mainland, a two days' drive from Texas; if the rest of Central America goes, Mexico goes, and if Mexico goes we will have fifty million refugees; here are the congressmen (Faction Two) who desire this result, and here are the congressmen (Faction One) who are making it possible; and if they succeed and we fail, we guarantee years of (that dread post-Vietnam word) recriminations—would the voters have responded?

We'll never know. (Though we do know all about North's tin box.)

Education Doldrums

THE EDUCATION PRESIDENT has struck again. Having decided to put practically all his eggs in the federal-program basket, rather than pounding on states and localities to shape up, he found himself obliged to disclose some specifics. This occurred in early April, when the White House sent Congress a 39-page bill called the Educational Excellence Act of 1989. It consists of seven new programs, for which Mr. Bush seeks to add $423 million to the fiscal-1990 education budget.

The initiatives, as far as they go, are pleasant enough. They embody such sensible ideas as rewards for outstanding schools and teachers, "magnet schools" that need not necessarily be part of integration plans, extra help for drug-infested urban schools, "alternative certification" for teachers and principals (meaning that well-educated adults who don't have degrees in education can nonetheless land classroom jobs), and college scholarships for math and science superstars.

Yet even if these were all enacted and funded exactly as the White House has suggested (which congressional critics instantly said will never happen), barely 2 per cent of the Education Department's present budget would be affected. In other words, business as usual in 98 per cent of that lackluster agency's doings. More than 120 current programs will be untouched, programs that range from the useless (vocational education) to the needless (library subsidies) to the well-meaning but feckless (compensatory education for poor youngsters) to the harmful (Women's Education Equity Act, National Diffusion Network) to the scandalous (the default-plagued multi-billion-dollar guaranteed-loan program for college students).

What happens in Washington has at most a marginal impact on what happens in the nation's schools and colleges. What George Bush has proposed, despite all the White House hoopla, will have at most a marginal impact on what happens in Washington. Operating on the margin of the margin, he cannot accomplish much. Even the educators know this. A long, biting article in the April 19 issue of *The Chronicle of Higher Education* bears this headline: "High hopes for Bush and Cavazos have evaporated, many say."

The President has recently trotted out one important idea, though. Picking up a suggestion from a Rochester think-tank chaired by Apple Computer's John Sculley, Bush announced that he would like "to waive some regulations for poorer communities, allowing them to pool state and federal funds in exchange for higher accountability and performance—a kind of performance-driven, partial deregulation of education."

Nice. But that means getting the Education Department to uncoil some of its notorious red tape. Not even William Bennett could accomplish that. And look who's sitting in the Secretary's office now.

Energy from Seawater?

THE INITIAL REACTION was understandably skeptical. Yet it seems increasingly believable that two entrepreneurial scientists on a low budget may have turned the Middle East's hoarded petroleum into a mere curiosity of the future—something to bottle for museums, to show our grandchildren. Stanley Pons of the University of Utah and Martin Fleischmann of Southampton University in Britain managed to generate energy (heat) by simply inserting a palladium rod into a bottle of hydrogen-laden "heavy water." Their experiments suggest that one gallon of seawater may contain as much usable energy as thousands of gallons of gasoline. The crucial factor is that the process does not appear to require intense heat (since the purpose is defeated if the process requires more energy than it generates); hence the name "cold fusion."

To find that something is possible is not, of course, to prove that it is economically feasible. If it works, though, cold fusion could be a major energy source within two decades, surely for electricity and possibly even for automobiles. As such technology came within sight, oil-producing countries would obviously have a strong incentive to pump all they could before Vaseline became the main remaining use of petroleum. Important products that use substantial energy in their production, such as paper and aluminum, would become much less expensive. The gradual historical process of replacing the physical effort of human beings with machines would be greatly accelerated.

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The environmental implications are equally staggering, since cold fusion generates relatively little radiation and no air pollution. The reduction of the cost of pollution control, which has absorbed a huge share of investment outlays in recent years, would release capital for even more rapid improvements in the quantity and quality of goods, housing, and services worldwide.

In a mere decade, the supply-side vision of entrepreneurial capitalism has already uprooted the foundations of egalitarian, centralized regimentation in such unlikely places as India, Israel, China, the Soviet Union, and, most recently, Vietnam. Part of the lesson is that the spark of ambitious genius does not merely create well-deserved fame and fortune for a few bold entrepreneurs, but also tremendous benefits for the entire world. The recently unleashed energies of innovation in China may have provided the clue, from a derivative of a Chinese cucumber, that leads to a cure for AIDS. That same spirit, from an unlikely pair of innovators in Utah and Britain, may likewise have begun a process that will create forms of energy in the twenty-first century that seem as unimaginable today as petroleum was in the seventeenth century or uranium in the nineteenth.

Afghan Follow-Through

WHEN 15,000 CORPSES of the British Army of the Indus were freezing on the Hindu Kush passes in January 1842, Shah Soojah, the puppet Afghan king whom the British had installed in 1839, continued to rule in Kabul. As soon as the British were defeated, the Afghan coalition disintegrated, and no faction was strong enough to dislodge Shah Soojah from his Bala Hissar citadel.

Afghanistan is in a similar situation now. The Kabul Communists are supported by only a small minority of the Afghan population, and their foreign patrons have departed. But they are still entrenched in most of Afghanistan's provincial cities; they enjoy the Soviet Union's unqualified military, diplomatic, and economic backing; and, faced with defeat and revenge, they are determined to fight to the last.

Having mistakenly expected that the Najibullah regime would disintegrate soon after the Soviet departure, the Western media are now offended that the guerrillas have failed to provide the theatrical Fall of Kabul story and retaliate by disparaging them. "I would put even money on Najibullah's still ruling in Kabul in five years' time," pontificates Professor Fred Halliday of the London School of Economics. But to overrate Najibullah's strength now is as silly as it once was to exaggerate his weakness.

The *mujahedin* have not won yet because they are not trained soldiers; because, like their ancestors confronting Shah Soojah, they bicker; and because Pakistan and the United States have induced them into foolish enterprises such as the failed assault on Jalalabad. As Radek Sikorski reported in these pages recently, the *mujahedin* never *planned* to attack Kabul the moment the Soviets left. Only this summer will we see how strong they really are. If the guerrillas succeed in blocking the Salang highway, which is the only land supply route from the Soviet Union to Kabul, and if they match the attack on Kabul with a coup within the gates, then Najibullah would do well to keep a gunship ready for evacuation.

The Afghan *jihad* is unlikely to peter out. The Communist rule of terror and the horrors of Soviet invasion have unleashed passions that can only be appeased by the elimination of the Najibullah regime. It might take time. The Afghans, unlike our media, are not in a hurry. Most have relatives in the Communist-occupied cities and want to avoid hurting civilians. Reasonably, they prefer to wear the Communists down and dislodge them by bargaining and stratagem rather than by conventional battle, for which their enemies are better prepared.

Historical portents favor them. Shah Soojah survived the British defeat by a few months but was assassinated in April 1842, when he ventured out of the Bala Hissar to "his social bases," as Najibullah might put it today, in Stalinist jargon. Professor Halliday's new prediction is likely to prove as accurate as those he made in 1986 when he asserted that the Soviet army would never quit.

Let the Ordeal Commence

I've ordered in potato chips
  And tidied up the couch;
My vertebrae are limber, so
  I'm set to sit or slouch;
The beer is at the ready and
  The TV's been repaired,
Which postures me for pleasure as
  The Wright affair is aired.

W. H. VON DREELE

From Tragedy to Prejudice

THE TRAGIC DEATH of a large number of soccer fans crushed at the stadium in Sheffield, England, has once again focused American attention on the British soccer hooligan. American liberals have been quick to blame the tragedy on a favorite scapegoat: the English class system.

They could not be more wrong. Soccer hooliganism is, if anything, a manifestation of Britain's shift *away* from a strongly hierarchical society and toward a

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Losing More Ground

THE PERSISTENCE of poverty in the United States despite massive federal spending to alleviate that condition is quantified in data recently released by the House Ways and Means Committee:

IMPACT OF FEDERAL TRANSFER PAYMENTS, 1987

	Number of Poor People (Millions)	Poverty Gap ($ Billions)
Before Transfers	49.7	124.2
After Transfers	29.0	40.4
Change	(20.7)	(83.8)
Percentage Change	(41.6%)	(67.5%)

In the absence of federal transfer programs, 49.7 million people—one out of every five Americans—would have been poor in 1987, according to Ways and Means. Federal transfer expenditures of $413 billion that year succeeded in raising the incomes of 20.7 million of these erstwhile poor people to levels above the officially decreed poverty line, but at a cost of $19,950 *per person*, or roughly 72 per cent more than the poverty threshold income for a family of four.

The data also show that the 29 million people who remained poor after receiving federal transfer payments were made considerably less poor because of them. Thus, while the number of poor persons was cut by only 41.6 per cent, the poverty gap, which is simply the amount of additional income required to raise every poor person up to the official poverty line (i.e., the cost of eradicating poverty), was 67.5 per cent smaller after federal transfer spending.

Why does poverty persist in a country where transfer expenditures are more than three times the amount needed to eradicate poverty? For one thing, Social Security and Medicare, which together account for nearly 70 per cent of all federal transfer spending, are not means-tested and therefore cannot be considered anti-poverty programs, although they have dramatically reduced the incidence of poverty among the elderly. Even the programs specifically designed to combat poverty (AFDC, food stamps, housing subsidies, etc.) often miss their target, as evidenced by the $150 per year in means-tested benefits reportedly received, on average, by the wealthiest 20 per cent of families in 1987 (average income $52,600).

Whether the anti-poverty programs themselves induce increased dependency is still an open question, although the circumstantial evidence is compelling. Charles Murray points out in *Losing Ground* that the number of poor people before government transfer payments are taken into account, which he calls the "latent poor," started to rise in 1968, just as the Great Society programs were coming on stream. Up until then, increasing numbers of people had been able—and willing—to make a living that put them above the poverty line. Although the number of latent poor has declined recently, falling from 52.7 million in 1983 to 49.7 million in 1987, this is not nearly the decline one would have expected given the 11 million new jobs created during that time.

What is clear is that even a modicum of employment greatly reduces the probability of being poor. In 1987, 93.3 per cent of female-headed families in which no one worked were poor, but the poverty rate for those families where someone worked at least three-quarters of the year was only 14.8 per cent.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

formless egalitarian swamp dear to liberal hearts. It is the *decay* of the English tradition of deference to legitimate authority that has produced the modern soccer hooligan, along with such formerly un-British activities as mugging, rioting, and the carrying of guns by criminals. In the decades 1920 to 1960, when the British class system reigned supreme, social commentators as diverse as George Orwell and Geoffrey Gorer regularly noted how peculiarly peaceful British crowds of all kinds—and especially soccer crowds—were. British boys' comics of those days took this orderliness for granted and described in patriotic amazement the violent disorders that took place at soccer matches in Latin America.

The collapse of English deference has been reinforced by the tendency of older fans drawn from the respectable majority to watch soccer at home on television. This has removed a major source of informal social control from Britain's soccer stadiums, and it is hardly surprising that the British police have had difficulty in being an effective substitute.

Finally, although the most recent outbreak of soccer hooliganism in Europe began in Britain, it has rapidly become an equally serious problem in countries as

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diverse as the Netherlands, Greece, West Germany, and Czechoslovakia. Somehow we doubt that America's leftists will conclude that the class structure of socialist Czechoslovakia is to blame for the vandalism and violence of soccer crowds in that sad country.

Abbie Hoffman's Last Trip

ONCE IN WHILE Abbie Hoffman was funny, but not often, and a great deal of sentimentality has attended his passing. We have been instructed by assorted graduates of the Sixties that Hoffman was a "child," even a "baby," in a man's body, and that his humor really functioned to advance individual freedom.

Where people named Hoffman are concerned, we prefer Judge Julius Hoffman, who presided over the trial of Abbie Hoffman and the rest of the motley "Chicago 7." For all of his crotchets and provoked outbursts, Julius Hoffman was a gentleman and an honorable citizen of the Republic. Abbie Hoffman, in contrast, seems to have seen himself as some sort of traveling Id. He tried to turn Judge Hoffman's courtroom into a circus, an act reminiscent of the standard Catskills-hotel *tummler*, a paid hotel employee who pushes guests into the swimming pool, upsets breakfast trays, pinches women, and generally assures the guests that they are having a wild time.

In fact, the "humor" of *tummler* Hoffman was directed solely at the symbols and institutions of ordered freedom: the democratic electoral process, the judicial system, the American flag, the universities, private property (*Steal This Book*), sexual restraint (*Woodstock Nation*), and civilized resistance to narcotics. He was busted in 1973 for brokering a $36,000 cocaine deal, and went underground.

The last time we saw him in person he was crossing 34th Street—jaywalking, it goes without saying. The refreshing thing about Abbie Hoffman was that he never worried about what would happen next. That was also the sad thing about him.

Colonel James 'Nick' Rowe, RIP

I NEVER MET Nick Rowe, but so closely did I follow his career that I almost felt I had. He was one of the Army's icons, a genuine and inspiring hero, and whenever I came across his name in a press release or a human-interest story, I remembered Vietnam, and 1968.

Rowe was a 25-year-old first lieutenant when he was captured by the Vietcong in 1963. He remained a prisoner for five years, most of that time spent in small holes in the ground, barred at the top—ground level—with bamboo. He withstood the usual litany of horrors with uncommon bravery and stamina: interrogations, starvation, beatings, and outright torture. In 1968, with luck and grit, and the happenstance of a nearby B-52 strike that caused his tormentors to try to move him to another location, Rowe broke out, hid, and eventually linked up with American forces. Unbeknownst to him, while in captivity he had been routinely promoted twice, and was now a major.

Rowe left the Army briefly, but soon found that civilian life was not for him. When he applied for voluntary recall to active duty, he was welcomed back with open arms, and given the job he wanted: teaching what he had learned first hand about survival, resistance, escape, and evasion. The Army designed its new POW survival course around his experiences and special expertise. Who, indeed, was better qualified for the job?—no one I can think of, with the possible exception of Willie Sutton.

Colonel Rowe spent his last days in Manila, again teaching what he knew. He was serving as an advisor to the Philippine government on anti-Communist counter-guerrilla tactics when, on April 21, two gunmen opened fire on his car, and at least one round struck him in the head.

In a 1985 interview, Rowe said that, while a POW, he had to ask himself every day, "Is what I believe in worth putting my life on the line for?" On April 21, Colonel Nick Rowe answered that question for the last time, and taught us his last lesson. He leaves a wife and four children.

God rest his gallant soul.

—LT. COL. JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

In view of the Senate's actions during the John Tower confirmation debate, it seems to me that certain senators would do well to live in houses of masonry or solid frame construction in preference to the more modern—and often hideous—all-glass construction. *Sed quid opus verbis?* Perhaps the sage advice of the seventeenth-century poet George Herbert?

Sincerely,
Paul H. Hesser Jr.
Houston, Tex.

Dear Paul: The gentleman from NATIONAL REVIEW votes, Aye. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

The only boo-boo in your review ["Alistair Cooke Observed," Feb. 24] that produced a wince was "his weekly dispatches"!!! Weekly? Weekly?!?! There were days when I filed three pieces, and rarely less than about 1,200 words. But—in the collection—apart

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from the odd book review (e.g., Laski), these were daily dispatches written to a 2 P.M. deadline. The Gary Cooper piece was done in the Berlin airport after I saw the headline. All the Black Revolution, or whatever, pieces were scribbled in railroad (white) waiting rooms. I'm flattered, however, that you should assume they were all crafted lovingly in my study over a glass of sherry—with a week to go. I retired in 1972, after the bonanza of *America*, because I feared that the daily strain on my nerves—and my throat, from dictating over the transatlantic wire—would begin to take a toll. It was time to cease doing at least six dispatches a week. The day after I quit, I never missed being—literally—a "journaliste."

I often thought later that the title—*A Generation on Trial*—was a mistake. But the Knopfs were crazy about it. It intended to say that Hiss represented a golden opportunity to the Republicans by making him seem typical of all the New Deal liberals—and they would suffer from Hiss's guilt. Which is what happened. By the way, interesting that Rebecca West, who wrote a blistering review of *Generation*, changed her mind a couple of years later and wrote a piece quoting my peroration and finding it sage, mature, correct, and God knows what! Whereas Arthur Schlesinger wrote a damning review, saying I was not much better than "the Peglers." So!

A year or two after the Kennedy Inaugural, I changed my tune: ". . . it was magnificent as rhetoric, appalling as policy . . . It may be the wish of a strong nation to do this, but in reality it will not support *any* friend or fight *any* foe, or support the burden of, say, a civil war in its own land, in order to rush to the aid of 43 friends and fight 43 foes. Vietnam, I fear, is the price of the Kennedy Inaugural."

As ever,
Alistair [Cooke]
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I have just sent to Bill Safire a presidential sentence which I believe will come to rank with "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" and "The buck stops here." It comes from George Herbert Walker Bush telling us what marching orders he would give to his new Cabinet: "Have a nice house over there, and a lot of ways to hopefully be helpful in that side, from the East Wing side of things."

Dear Alistair: Forgive me for giving the impression that your dispatches were weekly. My only excuse is that I can't imagine anything of that quality going out every day. But then, as a conservative, my imagination is limited. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In reference to the February 24 issue of *NR*, a problem arose in my home.

My daughter (who is not yet two years old) was straightening an end table—sorry, Gloria Steinem, girls have those tendencies—when she made an awful noise, and an expression of disgust swept across her face. You see, she had stumbled across an aged Mick Jagger and was traumatized.

If these covers are to persist, please consider sending each issue in a brown wrapper.

Sincerely,
Douglas E. Ewing
Apopka, Fla.

Dear Mr. Ewing: We can't control our artists' imagination until told to do so by the Ayatollah. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

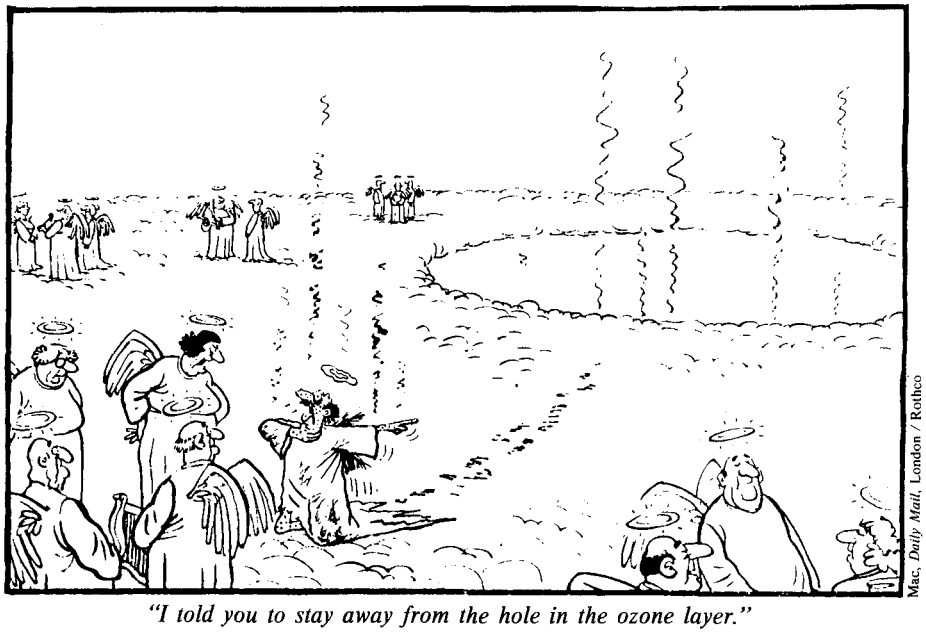
Call the Executive Committee of BuckPac to order—at once! I join Brother Ditz from Pennsylvania in his revulsion for Senator Specter. Good. Let's get 'im. *BUT: There are other gigs.*

BuckPac needs to get on *now*, and mark for destruction (political, of course!) a couple of archfiends: joseph biden (Delaware) and howard metzenbaum (Ohio), for their vicious performances during the Judge Bork infamy.

Hang in, Mr. Buckley.

As always,
Wm. Fahey
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Fahey: No no no. BuckPac kills only *Republican* tergiversators, not Democrats. There will need to be separate PACs for unruly Democrats (JackPac, after Senator Henry Jackson?). Cordially,
—WFB



Mac, *Daily Mail*, London / Rothco

"I told you to stay away from the hole in the ozone layer."

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ON THE SCENE

MR. WRIGHT'S WRONGS

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The cherry blossoms have come and gone, and the bloom in Jim Wright's checks seems to be fading as fast. The House ethics committee has decided that there is enough evidence to investigate the House Speaker on 69 violations of "the code of official conduct or other House rules." The committee decision is the equivalent of an indictment, and hearings will begin soon.

The Speaker charges that he is a victim of shifting moral standards, and indeed the actual counts the committee has decided to look into are relatively petty. Essentially they boil down to an acceptance of gifts from one constituent and an attempt to avoid House limits on income by arranging for money to be channeled through the publication of a book. The gifts were from the Speaker's business associate, George Mallick, and amounted to $145,000 over ten years, including free housing, a job for the Speaker's wife, Betty, and the use of a Cadillac. The book deal was for Mr. Wright's *Reflections of a Public Man*, a collection of speeches and suchlike that never quite made it into any bookshops. The committee charged that the 55 per cent royalties he earned from this book—many, many times the standard rate—represented "an overall scheme" to convert what were really speaking fees, which are limited, into book royalties, which are not.

Today the Democrats are in a fix, having themselves invented the ethics parade: Do they abandon Mr. Wright to the wheels of justice, or do they rally round a wounded leader? As *NR* goes to press they appear to be leaning to the latter, with fellow Texan Charles Wilson saying that only "a few cowardly Democrats" would dare vote against Mr. Wright on the floor. But every day Mr. Wright becomes a heavier albatross around the Democratic neck.

All this, of course, is in sharp contrast to the Beltway wisdom that only days earlier suggested that the Speaker had nothing to worry about. That was before the House ethics committee, made up of six Republicans and six Democrats, released their unanimous statement on April 17. In addition, on the critical question of whether to release the 279-page report of Special Outside Counsel Richard J. Phelan, the committee voted 11 to 1 in favor. Given what that report entails there will be no letdown in the revelations about the Speaker.

INDEED, the clamor may grow when people start to realize what charges the committee chose *not* to investigate, most of them far more serious. Take, for example, an oil well that the Speaker claimed to have bought in April 1979 but did not in fact buy until October. As the Phelan report points out, "gas was discovered in that well on June 27," which means that in contrast to an "ordinary" investment in which there is some risk, by October he knew it was a moneymaker, i.e., a gift. By trying to cover up the date on which he bought it, moreover, Mr. Wright was clearly trying to hide this difference.

More damning is the Speaker's exertion of "undue influence" on behalf of several Texas Savings & Loans. In 1985, when the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Company (FSLIC) was nearly insolvent and desperately seeking $15 billion in recapitalization, the Speaker pulled from the legislation schedule a bill that would have funded FSLIC, the delay of which has pushed the price of the bailout—all borne by the U.S. taxpayer—into the stratosphere. [See also R. Cort Kirkwod & Terence P. Jeffrey, "The Wright Stuff," *NR*, April 21.]

Although the House ethics committee found nothing wrong with such dealings, they do not paint a portrait of an endearing Frank Skeffington in *The Last Hurrah*. Defending himself at his press conference, Mr. Wright managed to look shifty, no doubt not helped by his unfortunate physiognomy. Even the luckless Nixon did better than that in the Checkers speech.

But the real hidden bomb may have nothing to do with graft; it may have to do with intelligence. Back at a September 20 press conference, Speaker Wright said that U.S. agents "have assisted in organizing the kinds of anti-government demonstrations that have been calculated to stimulate and provoke arrests." That led to charges being filed in the ethics and intelligence committees to determine whether Mr. Wright had violated House rules by the unauthorized disclosure of secret CIA information. These charges are still pending in the ethics committee, which has put them on hold as it looks into the corruption issue.

Should all this start to emerge, however, it will be increasingly difficult for a man who likens the Sandinistas to an "elected government" to wrap himself in the American flag. It will also be difficult for such a man, who called for a tax increase on the day his party named him Speaker, to challenge the White House on key issues. And when it all spills out, it's going to be wellnigh impossible to continue to persuade the rest of the Democrats that their best hope is to close ranks around him. □

Mr. McGurn is NR's new Washington bureau chief.

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INF: THE SOVIETS CHEAT

DAVID J. TRACHTENBERG

LAST YEAR, writing in NATIONAL REVIEW, I noted that the very nature of the INF treaty, combined with verification difficulties, "may actually encourage the Soviet Union to violate its terms" ("INF: Invitation to Cheat?" March 4, 1988). The Soviets have accepted that invitation.

The evidence is contained in President Reagan's last official report to Congress on Soviet non-compliance with arms-control treaties. This report was issued in December, six months after the treaty went into effect, and is the first review of Soviet behavior under INF. Despite a cheery declaration that "issues and questions regarding non-compliance which have been discussed with the Soviets have been resolved to U.S. satisfaction or are in the process of resolution," the report confirms the suspicions of treaty opponents.

One main criticism of INF was its failure to allow inspection of all locations where prohibited INF systems might be stored or deployed. The Soviets insisted that they had declared all INF systems in their possession, but opponents of the INF treaty believed it likely that they had some systems at non-declared sites.

The report shows that the skeptics were right. Our intelligence sources discovered that the Soviets had failed to list all treaty-limited items in the updated data base required by Article IX of the treaty. They have never acknowledged the violation. However, they have quietly dismantled or removed those items "previously observed at non-declared sites"—but only after a formal U.S. diplomatic *démarche*. Similarly, the report cites approximately two hundred illegal transits of SS-20s between operating bases, repair facilities, and elimination facilities, in violation of Article VIII, paragraph 8. Again, such transits are said to have ceased, but in this case too the Soviets have never acknowledged that their actions constituted a violation.

In addition to these violations, the report notes that "non-compliant activities occurred with regard to . . . unnotified movements of training launchers" (a violation of Article IX, paragraph 5), "treaty-limited items at a facility declared ready for elimination" (a violation of Article X, paragraph 8), "removal of SRMs (shorter-range missiles) from an elimination facility" (a violation of Article V, paragraph 2), and "treaty-limited items at non-declared locations" (a violation of Article VIII, paragraph 1). One additional issue that arose involving Soviet failure to provide accurate and complete data did not result in a finding of violation.

Since the issuance of President Reagan's final non-compliance report, other Soviet violations have been reported. Most serious are the Soviet refusal to agree on methods for measuring a missile's weight and length, and the reported restrictions the Soviets have placed on X-ray imaging of missile canisters by U.S. inspectors at Votkinsk—a procedure necessary to distinguish prohibited SS-20s from allowable SS-25s.

Taken together, these findings represent much more than mere "technical" violations. They show a continuing pattern of Soviet misbehavior, corrected only through diligent intelligence and firm diplomacy on our part. And this, of course, suggests the existence of cheating we have yet to detect. Furthermore, since the Soviets have for the most part refused to admit that their behavior violates the treaty, they implicitly reserve the right to resume such activity in the future—at a time when the U.S. may be less willing to contest the issue.

It is understandable that the Reagan Administration, during its final days, did not wish to publicize the flawed implementation of its sole arms-control legacy. And the Bush Administration appears wary of ending the current warmth in U.S.-Soviet relations by calling attention to these most recent examples of Soviet cheating. But the new Administration *has* decided to review the whole strategic landscape before proceeding with any further nuclear-arms-reduction negotiations. Prudence dictates that this review include the issue of how to respond to Soviet violations; realism cannot forever take a back seat to inflated hopes.

The most obviously necessary action is improvement of U.S. verification capabilities, already severely strained *before* INF. We must also develop a clear policy on what to do with the knowledge we gather of Soviet non-compliance. The Administration should craft, in consultation with Congress and the United States' allies, an effective compliance policy, formulating a variety of options the U.S. can pursue, including perhaps the deployment in Europe of enhanced-radiation weapons or a defense against tactical ballistic missiles to nullify the potential Soviet advantage from cheating.

The time may be right for the creation of a separate Compliance Policy Office within the Department of Defense—or, preferably, a high-level bipartisan commission reporting directly to the President. Our experience with INF demonstrates that it is unrealistic to assume we can rely on our wish for better U.S.-Soviet relations to deter Soviet cheating. □

Mr. Trachtenberg is senior defense analyst of the Committee on the Present Danger, in Washington, D.C.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . .

DERK KINNANE-ROELOFSMA

GOVERNMENT MINISTERS around the world are considering their replies to a pressing invitation to attend a conference the last week in June at Yamoussoukro, the birthplace of Félix Houphouët-Boigny, president of the Ivory Coast. A dusty village in the bush when he was born, Yamoussoukro is now the official capital. The president has built a palace there, with

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pools for crocodiles, and construction is under way of a church that is to be bigger than St. Peter's, up to now the biggest church in the world.

The conference will be on "Peace in the Minds of Men" and is the work of UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. The invitations urging the ministers to attend come from Federico Mayor, the former Spanish education minister, who was elected director general of UNESCO in 1987. Mayor took office promising to reform the troubled body, which the U.S., followed by Great Britain and Singapore, had quit in disgust four years ago.

Mayor, trained as a biochemist, is a man of great charm, and is universally liked. But the Yamoussoukro conference, like much at UNESCO, smacks of the bad old days of Mayor's predecessor, Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal. In particular, announcements of a jamboree on peace rouse memories of the vast and useless 1982 world conference on cultural policy in Mexico City, most memorable for the vitriolic attack on U.S. "cultural imperialism" by Jack Lang, then as now minister for cultural affairs in the French Socialist government.

It was such anti-American bias, together with serious mismanagement of funds, that prompted the departure of the United States, UNESCO's single biggest financial contributor, causing the loss to UNESCO of $50 million a year, a quarter of its budget. However, even more damaging than the loss of funds, says Richard Williamson, who was assistant secretary of state for international organization affairs up until this March, is that "UNESCO's moral and political authority is hollow without the membership of the countries that left." What has Mayor done to create conditions that would favor their return?

There have been improvements, some say. "People no longer look over their shoulders when they talk to each other in the corridors," says an American whose business takes him frequently to UNESCO headquarters in Paris. "Mayor will come to our meetings, if we ask him," says a member of the science sector, citing a conference at which the director general spent seven hours talking to the participants, "working for us. . . . It was something M'Bow would never have done."

For another UNESCO civil servant, it is too early to give a definite opinion: "Mayor is a charmer, he's a very nice guy, but we have yet to see whether the charm will be applied to getting things done." An official from the Third World explains: "The hopes of the best people were raised by M'Bow's departure, only to be dashed by Mayor's poor leadership."

One of the most widely made criticisms of M'Bow was that he was always traveling in great style and seldom attending to business at headquarters. The same charge is leveled against Mayor. "Mayor was at his desk just 15 days during the first three months of this year," says a disillusioned Paris staffer. "He is just not a hands-on manager," says a Western diplomat: "he goes around the world making promises, but no one in Paris is doing anything to implement them."

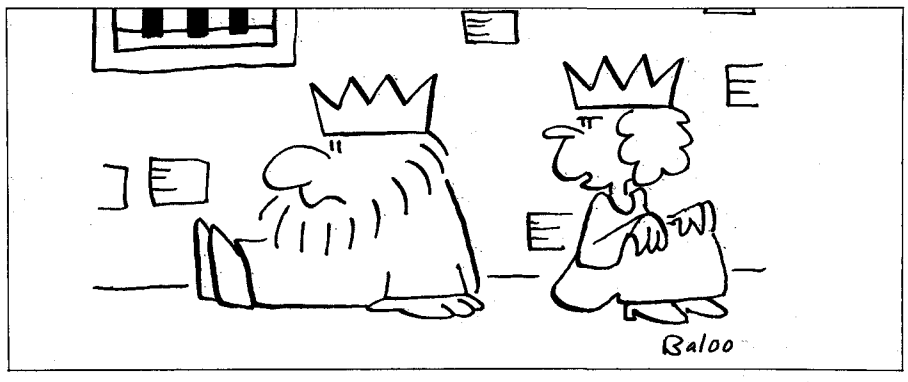
The gap between words and deeds troubles such critics as Dragoljub Najman, a former UNESCO assistant director general. He cites the press-conference ballyhoo that surrounded the launching of International Literacy Year on March 2. "It is one more proof of the absurdity of the UNESCO program," says Najman, a Yugoslavian. "It is not UNESCO that is going to make children literate." An in-house study of earlier UNESCO literacy projects concluded that the problem of literacy lay largely in a lack of political will on the part of governments. Under Mayor, UNESCO also claims it will help develop the science capacity of the least developed countries. "How?" asks Najman. "Such claims raise the problem of UNESCO's relevance—or rather, irrelevance. UNESCO is empty talk."

This sentiment is echoed by many others. The anti-American tone and activities have been reduced, says Richard Miller, the State Department observer at UNESCO, but have not been replaced by much of anything. "The problem now is that the activities are useless rather than objectionable." For Pierre de Senarclens, a Swiss who is director of UNESCO's human-rights division, part of the problem is that programs lack coherence. "It is possible," he says, "to agree on concrete programs of international cooperation, but there has been no serious effort to adequately define the areas of such cooperation.".

The true agenda at UNESCO is probably best discerned by looking at its successive six-year Medium-Term Plans. The final draft of Mayor's first plan has just been published. It will be commented on by the UNESCO Executive Board, made up of representatives of fifty governments, in May, and then submitted to the General Conference in Paris in November—to which all 160 member states may send delegates—for possible revision and adoption.

DIPLOMATS AND others with a professional interest in UNESCO who have read Mayor's plan tend to shake their heads and shrug. Concrete activities proposed by the organization's specialists in education, natural and social sciences, culture, and communication have been largely omitted, leaving only the vaguest of outlines. "If the plan goes through as it is now," says a diplomat who has studied it, "Mayor will be able to do whatever he pleases and no one will be able to pin him down and say he is not sticking to the plan."

Mayor has more than once said the



"Balancing the budget by laying off the mercenaries isn't the most brilliant idea you've ever had."

Mr. Kinnane-Roelofsma is a former senior writer at Insight *and former editor at UNESCO Features.*

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plan will reform UNESCO by reducing the number of "major programs" from 14 to six, thus concentrating efforts. But his critics say he is only playing with words. They cite a document circulated at UNESCO last year in Mayor's name. It explains that what were "major programs" under M'Bow would now be called "programs," and what had been called "programs" would become "sub-programs." In addition, a new top category was established—"major program areas."

"In fact," says Najman, "there are 17 'major programs' in Mayor's plan—M'Bow's 14, and three of Mayor's." By Najman's count, the number of "programs" has been reduced from 55 to 54, but "sub-programs" have increased from 144 to 197. "It is even further atomization of UNESCO activities," he says.

That there are problems in reconciling what Mayor says with reality is suggested by an incident during his visit to Washington in February. Mayor gave the American press some good news: plans for a New World Information Order, he said, "no longer exist" at UNESCO. The Information Order is a project favored by Third World militants and Communist states, who see it as establishing more balanced reporting and better distribution of the news worldwide by giving a bigger role to Third World journalism. Its Western critics, including American liberals, see it as a means of promoting state intervention and control of the press.

When supporters of the program in Paris learned of Mayor's remark, says Najman, "they yelled bloody murder." At a meeting of the 35-nation intergovernmental council of the International Program for the Development of Communication, the Venezuelan representative challenged whether the director general can change decisions taken by the UNESCO General Conference, such as the decision supporting a New World Information Order. And, indeed, the agenda for the Yamoussoukro conference includes "the responsibility of media decision-makers" and "the overhaul of the role and the messages of the mass media."

The continuing doubts to which UNESCO gives rise have never dampened the ardor of a small group, active inside the Washington Beltway, who have been working for a return of the U.S. to UNESCO from the day it left. Alan Keyes, assistant secretary for international organization affairs from 1985 to 1987, says he was aware of a group, "in the State Department and elsewhere, whose top priority as far as UNESCO was concerned was to get the U.S. back in, regardless of whether there were reforms." And it is now making its move.

BACK IN PARIS after his visit to the States, Mayor boasted that as a result of his visit, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would review American relations with UNESCO. And, at the initiative of Senator Pat Moynihan, the committee did just that on April 19.

The committee heard two panels. The first was divided two and two between those more optimistic about Mayor, and those more skeptical. The more optimistic were Leonard Sussman of Freedom House (moderately optimistic) and Gene Lyons of Dartmouth College (wildly so). The skeptics were Ed Feulner of Heritage and the present writer (both very skeptical). Then followed a second panel of what a Senate aide was overheard to call "the regular shills," drawn from the museum and educational worlds.

They repeatedly stressed how much the American community of arts and sciences is losing because the U.S. is no longer in UNESCO. "But it is a major illusion," says one well-placed UNESCO watcher, "that the U.S. departure from UNESCO has harmed the possibilities for Americans to have international contacts. We are more welcome to participate in UNESCO activities than ever before and can take part in virtually any of them. The fact is, Americans have never had more prestige or influence at UNESCO than we do now that we are out of it."

Owen Harries, former Australian Ambassador to UNESCO, is now co-editor of the foreign-affairs quarterly *The National Interest*. "M'Bow's departure was essential but not sufficient for the countries that left to return," he says. "Substantial changes are required: Has Mayor turned UNESCO back toward its original purposes? Does his Medium-Term Plan drop the wasteful and inconsequential scatter-gun approach to activities and concentrate the organization's efforts? The answer to both questions is, apparently, no." □

MAN OF A THOUSAND LIGHTS

RALPH Z. HALLOW

THE WHITE HOUSE, after nearly three months of throat-clearing, is getting ready to turn President Bush's "thousand points of light" into a stirring call to national action, making it the theme of an otherwise themeless Administration.

"National service could emerge as a defining aspect of this Presidency," says Chief of Staff John Sununu. "There is no policy area to which the President is more committed."

If so, Bush faces at least two formidable obstacles. One is persuading the press corps, bored by his piecemeal sermons on the subject at local high schools, that he has a serious, comprehensive, and comprehensible plan to offer. Bush is no Reagan when it comes to uplifting oratory. But if he isn't the Great Communicator, he can be the Great Exemplifier. He has devoted much of his life to public service and can convey the image of a good neighbor whose counsel is valued—which is, after all, one of the qualities that got him elected.

He has pulled off two reasonably good prime-time speeches illustrating that quality—his acceptance speech in New Orleans last August, and his inaugural address in January. He will need to pre-empt the networks sometime soon for an address that inspires the nation, if not the cynical press corps.

The other obstacle is preserving his political base. The very term "national service" sends chills down the spines of many conservatives. It calls up images of some sort of statist, bureaucra-

Mr. Hallow is chief political writer for the Washington Times.

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tized, taxpayer-financed expansion of the GI Bill, a kind of domestic Peace Corps, as already proposed by such leading Senate Democrats as Sam Nunn of Georgia and Barbara Mikulski of Maryland.

But the deputy assistant to the President for national service, Gregg Petersmeyer, whose existence may be the best-kept secret in Washington, says Bush's "thousand points" are grounded in volunteerism, not government vouchers or military service in exchange for college-tuition money.

He argues that the "war on poverty" and myriad other government schemes are incapable, no matter how much money is spent, of eradicating problems inherently beyond the scope of government. By the same token, he argues, it's profoundly conservative to empower individuals and community-service groups with the same moral legitimacy and responsibility for solving these problems as the state has.

"Over half the black children born this year will not have fathers; more than 700,000 high-school graduates this year will be functionally illiterate; another 700,000 will drop out of school; up to 35 per cent of auto workers are reported to be functionally illiterate; and if tonight is a normal night in Washington, D.C., someone, probably young, probably black, will be killed over drugs," he says.

President Reagan believed the Federal Government ought to get out of much of the welfare business, but Petersmeyer says, "*This* President knows the government's role in a wide variety of issues is critical. He does not hate the government. But he knows the government is wholly insufficient to get the job done."

Some conservatives worry that Bush's stated intention to form a foundation to be called "Youth Entering Service to America" (YES), and to ask Congress for $25 million in funding for it, will lead to a struggle with the Nunns and the Mikulskis, issuing in a typical Washington compromise that will do more empowering of the government than of individuals. Petersmeyer maintains, however, that YES is only a small part of national service, which will be "more of a movement than a program. The President doesn't want a new bureaucracy. So what we're talking about is starting a private-initiative movement at the grassroots."

If so, success will be all the more difficult precisely because it's *not* a program—not in the sense that Americans, from WPA days on, have come to expect. It's not a $5-billion, fifty-page bill that senators can hold up for the cameras and the President can sign with ceremonial majesty.

Furthermore, this patrician President must somehow avoid any hint of *noblesse oblige* condescension while persuading others to want to do something for those less fortunate. He will have to execute all this at a time when record numbers of Americans are employed, the nation is in the midst of its longest period of economic growth, and most people feel they are already paying the government too much tax money and getting too little for it.

It means George Bush will have to coax corporations, accustomed to looking at the bottom line, to set up programs for employees who want to learn to read. This might involve using the company's executives in classrooms, keeping shop floors open at night, and encouraging employees who know how to read to teach their colleagues. It means saying with persuasion and conviction that, from now on, any definition of corporate success must include serving others.

It will mean the President's preaching that congregations should set up literacy programs in their church basements three nights a week. It will demand that the President, speaking into the camera from the Oval Office, promote examples of how individuals in neighborhoods across the country have helped to house the homeless.

It will require a complex fusing of new and old ideas, and coming up with both a convincing presentation of them and an efficacious means to put them into practice. This accounts for the prolonged throat-clearing.

It's also a tall order for a man who already has set out to be the Education President. Nevertheless, some certified Reaganites are ready and willing to help carry the torch for Bush's thousand points if what emerges is truly communitarian and voluntary.

"Some people scoffed at 'a thousand points of light,'" says the Hoover Institution's Martin Anderson, Reagan's first-term director of policy development. "But it could be powerful if carried through right—if Bush goes *beyond* using government agencies to finding ways of empowering neighborhoods, families, churches, and civic organizations to solve problems resistant to government solutions."

THE CATHOLIC SCHOLAR Michael Novak, of the American Enterprise Institute, doesn't underestimate the challenge—or the potential—for President Bush and the Republicans. "The party that does it well will govern for the next fifty years. When people say social justice, many think first of the state. But we've reached the limits of that," says Novak. "Now we have to look to social groups for energy. Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, by banding individuals together voluntarily should be do-able. After all, we outnumber them by 250 to 1 at least."

Says conservative Minnesota Congressman Vin Weber, "If that's what Petersmeyer and Bush are up to, then they're talking about fulfilling one of the great unfulfilled chapters of the Reagan Revolution."

That in itself suggests the appropriateness—and magnitude—of the task of a President whose only thematic pronouncement on the road to the Oval Office was to complete what Reagan started. □

"I'm sorry, but medical science still knows very little about infectious smiles."

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MIDTERM REPORT

Ten years ago, the world economy was in the doldrums, the Western Alliance in disarray, and Britain was a large part of the problem. (Remember the 'British disease'?) Today Britain is part of the solution, as spirits and economies rise. And much of the credit goes to one woman.

MARGARET THATCHER AND THE REVIVAL OF THE WEST

RONALD REAGAN

SOME YEARS AGO, while I was still Governor of California, I was invited to address a large meeting of business leaders in London. Upon arrival I met another American and longtime friend, the late Justin Dart.

The British Conservative Party had just elected Margaret Thatcher Leader of the Party. She was the first woman to hold that position and, if the Conservative Party won an election, she would automatically become Prime Minister. That, too, would be a first.

Justin knew the Thatchers and arranged a meeting for me with the new Party Leader. I shall be forever grateful. We found there were great areas of agreement on the economy and government's proper role with regard to the private sector. That first meeting in her office lasted the better part of an hour and a half.

That evening I was the guest at a reception. One gentleman had learned of my morning visit and asked: "How did you like our Mrs. Thatcher?" I told him how greatly impressed I was and said, "I believe she'd make a magnificent Prime Minister." He replied, "Oh my dear fellow—a woman Prime Minister?" His tone suggested he believed the idea unthinkable. I couldn't resist reminding him that "England had a Queen named Victoria once who did rather well." He said, "By Jove, I'd forgotten all about that."

Well, Margaret Thatcher has now been Prime Minister of the United Kingdom for ten years. She is respected by all the Heads of State and Government who have had any contact with her. She has brought great improvement in England's economy and returned to private ownership businesses and industries that had been taken over by government. It is a remarkable achievement.

Looking back to the late 1970s, we recall it as a depressing period economically. In America there were gas lines, high inflation, rocketing interest rates, and some fellow talking about a "malaise." The "misery index" reached an all-time high. But the situation in Europe, particularly in Britain, was even worse than our own. What we called the misery index they called "the British disease": a combination of zero growth and high inflation, which in one year reached over 25 per cent. Still worse, after almost forty years of socialism, the habits of inefficiency on the factory floor and lack of enterprise in the executive suite had become deeply ingrained. The British spirit of enterprise, which had transformed half the world in Queen Victoria's day, seemed to have been put to sleep.

Margaret Thatcher changed all that. She demonstrated two great qualities. The first was that she had thought seriously about how to revive the British economy and entered office with a clear set of policies to do so. She brought down inflation by controlling the money supply, and she began removing the controls, subsidies, and regulations that kept business lazy. Her second great quality was the true grit of a true Brit (or perhaps I should say, of a true-blue Brit). We both realized that our policies wouldn't solve such deep-rooted problems overnight. The first effects, in the world recession of 1981-82, were painful. I remember meeting her in Washington at a time when people in both our countries were calling for a change of course. She never wavered. And she was proved right by events. Britain today is enjoying an unprecedented economic recovery—one as long as our own. British businesses, woken from the long sleep of socialism, are our feisty competitors in world markets. And, finally, Margaret Thatcher has begun to dismantle the undergirding of socialism itself by privatizing large nationalized industries like steel and airlines. Just as I would claim modestly that our tax cuts of 1981 have stimulated a wave of tax cutting around the world, so Margaret Thatcher's privatization program has been imitated as far afield as Turkey and New Zealand. We could do with a little more of it in the United States.

AS A RESULT, Margaret has brought about a resurgence of those things Great Britain always stood for. Never was this more evident than in her immediate response when Britain's sovereignty over the Falklands was challenged. We used our good offices to try to get a peaceful settlement on which all sides could agree. But it was always clear to me that if such a settlement wasn't available, then the British would fight. I knew Margaret's strength of determination by then; others maybe did not.

That determination was never more valuable than when NATO decided to install intermediate-range missiles in Western Europe to counter the Soviet SS-20s. I had of-

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fered the zero-zero option of withdrawing the missiles on both sides. Yet when the Soviets refused and walked out of the Geneva conference, it was *we* who were denounced as warmongers by the so-called peace movement. All over Europe the peace marchers demonstrated to prevent Western missiles from being installed for their defense, but they were silent about the Soviet missiles targeted against them! Again, in the face of these demonstrations, Margaret never wavered. Western Europe stood firm. We installed the missiles—and the Soviets, under the new leadership of Mikhail Gorbachev, returned to the bargaining table three years later to negotiate the INF Treaty withdrawing both sets of missiles. I believe that historians will see that as one of the great turning-points of the postwar world. It could not have been achieved without the endurance and courage of leaders like Margaret Thatcher. Once again the people of the "right little, tight little isle" are living those words: "*There'll always be an England / And England shall be free, / If England means as much to you / As England means to me.*"

June 1980

Jon, *Daily Mail*, London / Rothco

"The PM is busy catching up on international affairs, watching an old Ronald Reagan movie."

With all of her strength, Margaret Thatcher still is a lady. There is an attractive humanness to her. Our annual "Economic Summits" are meetings of the seven Heads of Government—the United Kingdom, Canada, France, Italy, West Germany, Japan, and the United States. The meetings rotate, with each member country hosting the Summit in turn. The Head of Government of the host country chairs the meeting.

A FEW YEARS AGO, when the Summit was in England with Margaret presiding, a Head of Government who is no longer holding office (and I won't name him) launched a veritable tirade at the chair. He claimed that the meeting was not being run in a democratic manner, that the chair was dictatorial, etc. He gave no illustrations or examples to support these charges. Margaret let him have his say and then continued with the business before the meeting. She remained cool and made no effort to respond to the charges.

When the meeting ended I caught up with Margaret. I told her what I thought of the charges he had made, that he was really out of line and had no business or right to do what he'd done. Her quiet response was, "Women know when men are being childish."

Now I find that I've been using Margaret's first name. I think I should explain that first names are the rule in our Economic Summits. It's amazing the difference it makes in sessions of this kind to be on a first-name basis rather than using formal titles. I have reason to believe this was brought about by Prime Minister Thatcher.

Personal relations matter more in international politics than the historians would have us believe. Of course, nations will follow their overriding interests on the great issues regardless, but there are many important occasions when the trust built up over several years of contacts makes a real difference to how things turn out. I found it personally advantageous to have a friend as well as an ally in Downing Street. Margaret was always frank and forthright in her dealings with us. Generally, she and I agreed with each other. I was grateful to have her moral and material backing when we decided that we would have to bomb terrorist targets in Libya in order to protect our forces in Europe and Americans around the world against state-sponsored terrorism. Whether we agreed or not, however, I knew that her advice came from someone who was a friend of the American people and who shared the same basic outlook. We place the same high value on freedom. We were fortunate in that, sharing the same outlook, we were elected at a time when opportunities were opening up for extending our own freedom to other countries—to many Third World countries, to Afghanistan, to Eastern Europe, to the Soviet Union itself.

When it was our turn to host the Summit, we decided to hold the meetings in Williamsburg, Virginia. This is a city that has been preserved as it was when Virginia was a British colony. It has become a historical showplace.

Customarily the Economic Summits open with an informal dinner for just the seven members plus the representative of the European Community. We held this dinner in what had been the British Governor General's home. Before general conversation started, I was going to address Margaret and say, "Margaret, if one of your predecessors had been a little more clever, you would have been the hostess at this meeting." Well, I started, "Margaret, if one of your predecessors had been a little more clever"—and that's as far as I got. She quietly interrupted me and said, "Yes, I know, I would have been hosting this gathering."

Margaret Thatcher—this great lady has not only served her country well, she has served the free world well. She is truly a great statesman. So much so that I'll correct what I just said: She is a great *stateswoman* holding her own among all the statesmen of the world. □

THE MORAL PASSION OF MRS. THATCHER

KENNETH MINOGUE

IF RULING A COUNTRY is like riding a horse, Britain and America have been notably unruly states during the last half century. Only Eisenhower and Reagan, among U.S. Presidents since Roosevelt, have lasted the full eight years.

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In Britain, the electorate also has a record of rearing up on its hind legs. That is what makes Margaret Thatcher's first decade in office so remarkable.

The common explanation for her success finds the key in the "winter of discontent" of 1979, when British life was brought low by a rash of strikes by public-service workers. Corpses went unburied and trash littered the streets. Ferdinand Mount sees the Thatcher government as a "survivor regime" that owed its opportunity to arriving on the morrow of this disaster. This is certainly true, but my inclination is to trace the roots of Thatcherism back to a mistake that originated with Clement Attlee's Labour government of 1945–51.

The mistake is a complicated one. Attlee's basic idea was that the state must be brought in to correct what would now be called "the market failures" of the economy and the defects of a snobbish and class-ridden society. In pursuit of these objectives, medicine and a number of "basic industries" were nationalized; in time, the schooling of children sacrificed much of its academic character in order to create "a more equal society."

I have described this policy as "socialist" but the remarkable thing was that the Conservative Party soon came to share most of these objectives. Nearly everyone believed that an increasing public concern with both the economy and society was the underlying dynamic of history. In Britain, however, it is difficult to expand power without conceding consultation. Mid-century British socialism created a state that grew visibly year by year in its attempts to guide the economy and modernize (as was thought) the society, but in British terms, such growth would be understood as an intolerable despotism unless the process commanded widespread agreement. This underlying assumption led to the second stage of the error, which in turn led to the disaster of 1979. To consult people meant to take their interests into account. As a result, government gradually ceased to be the exercise of authority for defined and limited purposes, and became an activity of endless negotiation, for ill-defined and unlimited objectives, with the articulate interests of society.

The key word is *negotiation*. According to a plausible but totally erroneous myth, the British have a genius for compromise, and this myth made it seem for years as if governments acting in this new way were being supremely reasonable. The problem was that the more the government interfered, the more it had to. First there was only a bit of fiscal fine-tuning to give the economy a kick-start in the run-up to general elections, for the conventional wisdom said that voters never turned out governments presiding over prosperity. Then it became necessary to prevent strikes from damaging the economy, and the government was forced to respond to every strike threat with legislative concessions over beer and sandwiches at No. 10 Downing Street. Then industrial firms had to be whipped into line if they gave their workers wage increases above the government-approved guidelines. Whipping them into line was sometimes achieved by what was unmistakably a despotic expedient: namely, threatening to withdraw the government's patronage as a buyer of cars, or whatever the offending firm produced.

Mr. Minogue is a professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

Edward Heath came to power in 1970 with policies not altogether different from those later to be espoused by Mrs. Thatcher herself, but in 1972, he made a famous "U-turn" and pushed the levers for economic growth, a mistake that led to the inflation and the fatal strike of coal miners which brought him down in 1974. Britain entered, under Harold Wilson and then James Callaghan, a fully fledged corporate state, in which the actions of government had to be negotiated with the grand interests of the realm—the trade unions, the employers, the farmers, and so on.

Clearly this was governmental self-destruction. The sovereign authority of the nation had lowered itself to become no more than one of the players in a game where the rules kept changing, and where high gains went to the party prepared to act with the most menace and threat. In these circumstances, governments were doomed to lose, because *their* objectives were usually the politics of the short term (most commonly, temporary wage restraint), whereas the other players were seeking real things, such as financial subsidies and legislative favor. Political benefits rapidly evaporate; subsidies and laws remain.

The Victorian journalist Walter Bagehot, who edited *The Economist*, once observed that no political reform can be judged in the generation in which it is made, for it is then being worked by people brought up under the last dispensation. A generation on from the Attlee government brings us to the middle Seventies, when it was becoming clear to many people in Britain that the welfare state was destroying the moral character of the population. Britain had inherited from the past a corps of doctors, nurses, and other professionals of real and constant dedication. On coming under the umbrella of the state, whose official watchwords were caring, compassion, and welfare, this corps was rapidly turning into an anarchy of competing pressure groups prepared to impose massive public damage on the people it served in order to gain some collective advantage. It was this moral crisis that exploded in 1979.

MRS. THATCHER'S was a moral response to a moral problem. This fact is obscured if she is taken to be a dogmatic monetarist. It was moral passion that led her to put the problem of inflation above the immediate fate of those thrown out of work in the collapse of firms that failed to adjust to the rise in interest rates. She braved the sneers of professional economists, of whom no fewer than 364 wrote to the *Times* to explain that her policies could not succeed. She refused to perform the long-awaited ritual "U-turn" expected of British prime ministers who come to power with the naïve idea that economic policy ought to be consistent. It was an unmistakably heroic performance, and of the politicians around at the time, only she could have done it.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, her first chancellor of the exchequer, has said that changing the direction of an economy is like turning an oil tanker. It can only be done slowly. The British ship of state had barely begun to answer to the helm when General Galtieri seized the Falklands, and a still largely unregenerate British establishment heard the siren call for "negotiations" from the United Nations. It was Mrs. Thatcher's 1940, and again a historic decision unmistakably depended on the personal qualities of one individual. Those who suggest that recapturing the Falklands was

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an irrational expenditure of life and treasure in the pursuit of a trifling objective miss the point. As a dramatization of the resolve of a Western country to make sacrifices in repelling aggression, it had unmistakable benefits for the whole alliance, and the alliance showed its recognition of this fact by an unusual unanimity of support—that of Ronald Reagan being both generous and invaluable.

In the deeper rhythms of British political life, however, Mrs. Thatcher's battle with the trade unions has been of greater significance. Since 1906, when the Trade Disputes

The Enemies She Makes

JUST AS Ronald Reagan's popularity was never fully understood in Britain, so the intensity of dislike which Margaret Thatcher provokes is not fully understood in America. Some of her enemies are obvious and predictable. The Labour Party leaders whom she trounced, former Prime Minister Edward Heath and the "wet" Conservatives whom she displaced, the trade-union militants whom she deprived of their accumulated privileges and power, inevitably see her as the Wicked Witch of the West. But the cloud of hostility extends much further and more strangely.

It is rumored to include the Queen. If so, part of the trouble may simply be the clash of two strong-minded women in a tricky professional relationship: but the Queen also represents a tradition of consensus politics and *noblesse oblige* which Mrs. Thatcher has brushed aside. Many upper-middle-class Conservatives are repelled by what they see as the amoral, profit-obsessed face of Thatcherism. That economic freedom may actually be the most "caring" and "compassionate" basis for society is too subtle an idea for them to grasp.

Such intellectual disagreement is also the basis of a small part of the anti-Thatcherism that dominates the universities. The major version, though dressed in the language of high principle, is simpler and more sordid. University teachers and administrators are not being given the amounts of public money they think they deserve. They are being forced to cut their expenditures or raise money elsewhere. And they resent it.

The dons of Oxford spitefully refused to allow Mrs. Thatcher the honorary degree which would normally have been automatic for an Oxford-educated Prime Minister. They have made their antipathy plain. "The very concept of liberty," said the Professor of Jurisprudence, Ronald Dworkin (an American), "is being challenged and corroded by the Thatcher government."

Lady Warnock, the Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, generally rather a sensible woman, vented an extraordinary effusion of bile to an interviewer from the *Sunday Telegraph*. She told him how much she loathed Mrs. Thatcher's "patronizing voice," her looks, which were "not vulgar, just low," and the way she embodied "the worst of the lower-middle-class." Lady Warnock was particularly disgusted by a television program which showed Mrs. Thatcher buying clothes. "There was something quite obscene," she fumed, "to see her picking out another blouse with a tie at the neck."

Lady Warnock's disgust is not an isolated phenomenon. Jonathan Miller, the highbrow theatrical producer, when asked why the intellectual and cultural establishment should be so hostile to Mrs. Thatcher, replied: "Isn't it self-evident? It's the same as why the bulk of the human race is hostile to typhoid." It wasn't just her complete Philistinism he hated, it was "her odious suburban gentility and sentimental saccharine patriotism."

Lady Antonia Fraser and her husband, Harold Pinter, convened in their elegant Kensington home last fall a salon of anti-Thatcherite intellectuals—which provoked much derision in the press. An overlapping group launched an anti-Thatcherite journal called *Samizdat*, after the Soviet underground journals. Mark Bonham Carter, a chic veteran of the race-relations industry, wrote in a newspaper article that "British liberties are suffering death by a thousand cuts."

The tyrannies alleged are chiefly the government's curb on television appearances by spokesmen for the IRA, tough policing against violence by demonstrators and by massed trade-union pickets, and (which has enraged the theatrical community most of all) a law to stop the active promotion of homosexuality in schools. "If Thatcherism continues to rule Britain," declares Linda Bellos, a black Labour MP, "gas chambers will be here in seven to ten years."

The churches have been almost equally extravagant in their language. The Anglican Bishop of Durham grabbed headlines by calling Mrs. Thatcher's policies "wicked." Following her bold visit to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, vitriolic letters deluged the church's magazine. The assembly had been used, cried one, by an "evil, not merely wicked, politician," who had shown "her utter and total lack of compassion and mind-boggling hypocrisy."

Reactions of this kind to a Prime Minister whose policies have not actually been very radical, who has continued to pour money into the welfare state, who is a declared Christian, and who is acknowledged by all who know her to be personally both kind and considerate, need a pathological rather than a political explanation. Mrs. Thatcher's enemies seem to have been driven literally mad by a modest reversal of what they assumed to be the natural, leftward order of things.

In their rage, the mandarins of academia and the arts imprudently reveal their chronic intellectual snobbery. Mrs. Thatcher is conventionally said to have been lucky in her enemies, unattractive thugs like General Galtieri and the miners' leader, Arthur Scargill. Rising damp among the conscience-ridden middle classes may yet be dangerous. However, all this frantic caterwauling surely does her nothing but good. —ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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Act had released them from the disciplines of tort, the unions had been a privileged group that could damage others with impunity. What made this corruption all the more dangerous was that it had been translated into the righteousness of principle and envisioned as the struggle of underdogs against the capitalist mania for profit.

The essential move was to outlaw the "secondary picketing" that made trade-union activists an effective mobile army which could intimidate any employer who thought of defying them. The climactic struggle, of course, was that against Arthur Scargill's mine workers in 1984, and it could only be waged at the cost of leaving behind immense bitterness and resentment. Night after night, television showed scenes of violent disorder in which stoical and occasionally vengeful lines of policemen held at bay picketers attempting to intimidate those who would not toe the union line.

The strike went on for more than a year, and resembled a civil war in the ferocity of the passions it aroused. As it began to collapse, the same siren voices from the past could be heard recommending that Mrs. Thatcher should allow a magnanimous compromise. Churchmen, especially, recommended mercy. It was in vain. Not for nothing was Mrs. Thatcher known as "Attila the hen."

This implacability has turned out to be one of her more effective instruments of government, and there is no doubt that it has restored authority to a land in which, previously, everything was up for bids. Violent mobs had to be resisted, even at the expense of a few heads cracked, in order to make it clear that Mrs. Thatcher meant what she said, and this has in the long term proved an economical use of power. As she celebrates her tenth anniversary, she has moved to dismantle one of the few surviving bastions of union privilege: the National Docks Scheme, which guarantees registered dockers jobs for life irrespective of demand for their services. The immediate outrage at this move has rapidly been dissipated in the second thoughts of those who know that this is a battle they cannot win.

Yet a government that refuses to consult and negotiate, and prefers to rule by the passing of laws, cannot but look to the survivors of the Sixties and Seventies like a threat. The corpse of corporatism still has a few twitches left in it. Mistaking their self-importance for their liberties, some left-wing intellectuals began having dissident-fantasies. They brought out a journal called *Samizdat*. The playwright Harold Pinter, a reliable barometer of left-wing hysteria, compared the situation to the McCarthy era in the United States. "The people," he remarked, in a marvelous example of how narrow and distorted is the world of the intellectual, "are bewildered, fearful, undermined. Lost."

Yet far from being the all-powerful tyrant of left-wing imagination, Mrs. Thatcher sees herself as a kind of leader of the opposition. It is no small part of the secret of her success that she has treated the supreme office of state merely as a matchless vantage point from which to attack the vested interests and corrupt corporations which constituted a sort of flabby establishment before her arrival. This oppositional quality of her style is rooted, of course, in the fact that she is a woman, and that she has a very distinct sense of the superiority of women in the business of getting things done. On an occasion in which she had been subjected to the vaporings of about a dozen men, she rose up with some acerbity to remark that, while the cocks made all the noise, it was the hen who laid the egg. Her will is seldom paralyzed nor her intellect clouded by irony and equivocation—possibly the thing that intellectuals find most infuriating about her style.

But the basic impulse of her career is a moral fervor about personal responsibility. She regards inflation less as the symptom of a mismanaged economy than as a piece of deceit clouding public life. Trade-union corruptions, in her view, offend against the principle that you ought not to get something for nothing. The spread of dependency on the welfare state was likewise a stain on the sturdy and resilient character she takes to be natural to the British. The essence of the crisis of 1979 was the fact of thousands of Britons downing tools in order to demand money they were not prepared to work for. She shared with many others at that time the conviction that Britain had, for decades, been living insulated in a kind of cocoon, cut off from reality because there was no intelligible connection between effort and reward.

The paradox of her career, then, is that someone so ballasted with searingly common-sensical notions has been seen as a radical and even revolutionary politician. She has often been attacked as putting something called "ideology" before the pragmatism expected of sensible British politicians. And there have been many British Conservatives who have been persuaded that she is not a true conservative, like the grandees of the party, such as Macmillan, Carrington, and Whitelaw.

This is a mistake that results from taking the superficial view that a conservative politician just leaves things as they are. This is the absurd sense of the word which makes people talk of the Soviet Union, at least before Gorbachev, as a deeply conservative regime. But conservatives do have some timeless beacons. These include the rule of law, the inherited morality of the West, the unwisdom of tampering with the economy, and a pervading skepticism about projects for transforming the human condition. Where these beacons have been shaded, it is the instinct of any conservative to make them shine again. The condition of Britain, as Mrs. Thatcher inherited it, was one in which essential elements of morality had begun to collapse, and the economy was sick from maladroit tampering. If, in curing these things, she has sometimes sounded as if she were in the process of transforming the human condition, this is a human frailty easy to forgive on an anniversary. □

September 1979

Jon, *Daily Mail*, London / Rothco

"Anything you can do I can do better . . ."

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AROUND THE WORLD AT MACH 2

In which 98 passengers learn the meaning of hysteresis, meet the equator and the international date line, and travel at twice the speed of sound from the future of the Pacific Rim to a sheep farm where time stopped with the death of Queen Victoria.

CONCORDE CRUISING SPEED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31—As a freshman at college I was taught economics by a young socialist, an enthusiast for Henry Wallace For President. He didn't call himself that—very few people did in those days, and not all that many do so today, Professor Galbraith being a notable, noble, exception. Our instructor taunted the class with the odds against the commercial success of any novel enterprise, given the heavy breathing of the oligopolists who surround us. It didn't matter, he said, what the novel enterprise was: service, manufacturing, invention, you name it—you come up with a good idea, and somebody will steal it from you. Suppose you invent a terrific new mousetrap—the Upjohn Mouse Trap—and try to peddle it? Forget it: some shark in a smoke-filled room in Chicago will run you out of business and get the patent for nothing.

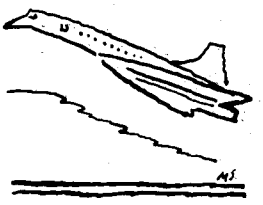
My Upjohn professor's strictures floated through my mind when, last June, a forty-year-old Miami lawyer told me he and a partner in the travel business had conceived the idea of a round-the-world trip on a Concorde with this special zinger: travel would all be over water. There have been round-the-world trips on Concordes before, but none without hours and hours overland, where you are not permitted to fly more than six hundred miles per hour.

Now, flying a Concorde at six hundred miles per hour, Don Pevsner explained to me, is like driving your Oldsmobile in first gear. You go berserk thinking, Gawd, this here aircraft can fly at twice the speed of sound, faster than 1,200 miles per hour: Mach 2, the pros call it. And yet we are having to traverse, in the traditional round-the-world itineraries, the whole of India (or China, or Russia, or the United States) at six hundred miles per hour. When you take the Concorde to London from New York, you aren't permitted to rev up to Mach 2 until after you pass Nantucket, and it seems an age until this happens. The Concorde is not built like a men's club with huge leather chairs and great big windows. Whatever sacrifice is made in physical comfort is compensated for by the knowledge that we are traveling as an army on forced march travels. Or, if you prefer a nautical analogy, you travel in three hours the distance Columbus traveled in seventy days.

Whee?

Well, that depends; because Don Pevsner and his partner, Jack Guiteras, are not entirely typical. Don gets flushed with excitement when he travels on an abandoned railroad track and pines for the return of the old steam locomotive. He's the kind who, if he lived in Niagara, would every morning of his life jump up from bed, throw open the curtains, and stare with dumb amazement at the Falls. Question: Would enough Americans want to shell out the kind of money necessary to support such a trip? Or would the whole experience become routine?

What kind of money? I asked. Well, he said, we paid one hundred thousand dollars down to British Airways last week. And on December 10, we have to pay British Airways one and one-half million dollars, and then there is promotion, hotels, tours, insurance, etc. I clutched the arm of the chair and whispered, "That means charging how many passengers how much money?"



"Ninety-eight passengers $39,000 apiece."

It didn't seem to me a winner in the sense that the Upjohn Mouse Trap was a hypothetical winner. But the two entrepreneurs had paid down the hundred thousand bucks and launched their slow, problematic campaign to line up passengers.

On the tenth of December, they had 76 takers—two short of the number needed to raise the money. They stayed up all night wondering whether to risk it—and decided, sweatily, to go ahead. They pledged personal assets so that they could pay British Airways one and one-half big ones. Two weeks later, they were—oversold.

A tiny capitalist venture, as ventures go—if we think in terms of starting steel companies or founding Apple Computer or financing *Gone with the Wind.* But nice, I thought, reminding myself that though not an investor, I was a part of the deal. I would accompany the partners and their passengers as an on-again-off-again lecturer, lining up here and there an interesting local leader or commentator, filming some *Firing Line* shows in Australia and South Africa, and taking three weeks' respite from the political world of getting and spending to report on an unusual itinerary. New York, Acapulco, San Francisco, Hawaii, Tahiti, New Zealand, Sydney, Perth, Sri Lanka, Cape Town, London. Track it on a map and you'll find practically no land you need to fly over—Don & Jack aren't going to let you fly at less than twice the speed of sound.

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We'll meet at JFK, noon, April 1, and Whee! From that point on, for 23 days, we'll explore the question, among others, whether wheeing for that long at Mach 2 is something that is going to provoke the envy of that prehensile monopolist in Chicago, who will want to take over —as our instructor told us in Economics 10AB—a venture that not only got off the ground, but did so at twice the speed of sound. □

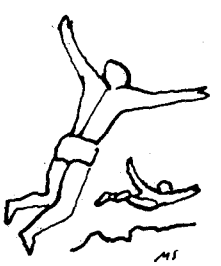
ACAPULCO, APRIL 3—Don Pevsner and Jack Guiteras gave four high-school seniors who had excelled in science a little tour, a flight (only in America!) from hometown Miami to London, where they spent four days, then on the first leg of the round-the-world Concorde trip to New York, where they would spend two days before returning to Miami. All four submitted brief biographies before accepting their Concorde diplomas. I liked best a sentence in 17-year-old Mark Bridges's statement: "My belief that things can only improve gives people the idea that I am free of problems because I have a very composed personality; trifles never seem to disturb me."

An admirable young man, destined to matriculate at Morehouse College, where Martin Luther King came calmly to the conclusion that Jim Crow was other than a trifle, and a revolution was born. The one hundred passengers on the RTW trip were impressed and amused. A number of them did not think it a trifle that they were setting out to travel for 23 days, over 39,000 miles, at a cost of $39,000 apiece, yet allowed to carry only a single suitcase weighing not more than seventy pounds. "Alas," said Don Pevsner, "I can't change the laws of physics." These laws inform us that the Concorde has only a 4 per cent payload. Traveling to parts of the world where spare parts aren't sitting in the hangar, the aircraft uses up many cubic feet for contingency equipment. One hundred people in one Concorde and it is bulging at the seams; but even so, as it rose up from JFK, reaching an altitude of sixty thousand feet and a speed of 1,200 miles per hour in less than a half-hour, it conveyed the feel of a fleeted, magic cylinder. In just over an hour we could see Bimini on the left, requiring a gentle but decisive turn to the west, lest we bounce over Cuba and maybe get mistaken for a peeping-Tom U-2, which occupies about the same altitudes. In a minute we could see Key West, and then it was the Gulf of Mexico until, hitting the eastern coast of Mexico, we began to slide down, with that exactitude that goes with the most finished passenger plane ever designed, touching down at Acapulco after 2 hours, 56 minutes, 18 seconds of flight, within one minute of the estimated flight time. It was, by the way, a world record, New York-Acapulco, 2,900 miles.

I've been here maybe twenty times, first as a schoolboy, when there were only three hotels (cost per night at one of them: $1.75 including breakfast). That was in 1943, and the major spectacle continues: the young divers who, waiting until exactly the right moment, when the surf comes in at exactly the right speed and height a hundred feet below, spring from their little platform and, bathed in klieg lights, dive down into the seawater—the spectacle happens about three times every night, and a collection is taken from the nightclub viewers. One night, back then in 1943, the diver would be—Johnny Weissmuller, playing Tarzan. All the cameras and sound equipment were there, and, if I recall, also Boy and Jane somewhere down near the barrel of water Tarzan needed to hit. Johnny Weissmuller looked down, was given the go-ahead by the Master Diver—and . . . thought about it. It was forty minutes before the waves were just right again . . . and, receiving the signal, again he thought about it. A double was finally recruited.

The young divers risk their lives, but at least they make a living, which is more than five million Mexican young people are able to do, a witty and learned American journalist lectured to us in the late afternoon. Mexico—Robert Strother told us—is an economic mess, for which we have graft and socialism to thank. "If you take a look at a one-thousand-peso bank note you'll see what I mean. That note was worth eighty U.S. dollars in 1976. Today it is worth, for the moment, 41 U.S. cents. It is the shame of the Latin American nations that with rich natural resources and with $350 billion in aid from the developed nations, they should slip into debt and dependency at the very time four little Pacific nations, with few resources and very little aid, were becoming rich and independent industrial powerhouses."

The hardy and affluent Concorde RTW passengers listened. Much of this they knew already. These are people wise in fiscal street-knowledge, undertaking this hegira for assorted reasons. One man wanted, he said, to go to New Zealand, wanted to go to Kenya, but didn't much like the idea of endless plane rides, so why not do it all at once on the Concorde? One passenger is taking a break from his total absorption in teaching American students algebra—he has written a textbook that seeks to overturn the misdirected pedagogy of the books in general use. It is not surprising that he already had met a fellow passenger who, retired from the Army, has not retired from the wars, the enemy being the creeping illiteracy of American students who read with their lips because of the discredited look-see teaching method.



Some are just—enjoying themselves; and we spent three hours doing exactly that, lunching on a two-hundred-foot catamaran, touring the big natural bay to which, four hundred years ago, the Spanish conquistadors brought Peruvian and Colombian gold for the overland trek to Veracruz, whence Spain's Atlantic fleet would take it to Madrid, to fill the royal coffers. All that gold, a hundred years' passage of it, wouldn't reduce Mexico's current debt by 10 per cent. The tourists who study the problem and then leave can only take satisfaction in knowing that they have left a few flakes of gold behind them. □

KONA, HAWAII, APRIL 5—There's a term for it in physics—"hysteresis," if memory serves; applied here, it translates to: You are going to travel on the fastest commercial vehicle in the world, from Acapulco to Oakland to Honolulu. At speeds that dazzle the mind, only—you have to have your bags packed at 7 A.M., which is a barracks-life hour, not a super-luxury hour. But . . . add the time to pick up luggage from 98 passengers quartered in little bungalows (each with its private swimming pool), deliver the baggage to the airport, and submit it to terror-

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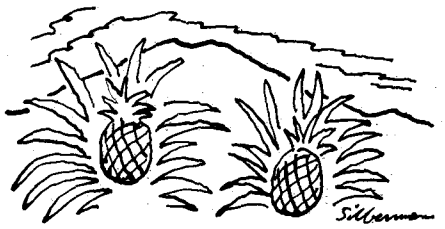
ist-age security examination, and it is 10:30 A.M. before your Concorde's delicate nose backed by its Percheron engines lifts you, liberated, for the 2,350-mile trip to Oakland, which consumes just over half the time it took between when the bags left the hotel and you were, finally, seated in the plane. One thinks of standing in line for an hour to spend a minute getting a passport stamped. The problems of the idle rich.



Why go to Oakland, when your destination is Honolulu? After all, the latitude of Acapulco is 17 degrees north, and of Honolulu, 22 degrees north, and Oakland-San Francisco is way up there at 38 degrees north. . . . Well, the Concorde has to abide by the safety rules, and if one engine blanks out, you dive down from your haughty sixty-thousand-foot, 1,200-mile-per-hour trajectory to the vulgarian world of mere jets; and in doing so you lose 25 per cent of your range. If that were to happen to a Concorde flying directly to Hawaii, past the point of no return, you'd, well: come down in the water; and British Airways and Lloyd's of London and Don Pevsner are not going to risk that! So, we land at Oakland and are served a fine Chinese meal at the airport, which comes about sixty minutes after the fine meal en route from Acapulco, and precedes by about sixty minutes the fine meal en route to Honolulu, which precedes by about three hours the fine meal served at Kona, on the island of Hawaii, to 98 passengers dizzied by jet-lag. We had touched down at Honolulu and boarded a chartered DC-9 for the thirty-minute hop to the island of Hawaii, where the bus driver tells you you are headed toward the "most exclusive" hotel in the world, the creation of Laurence Rockefeller, who on a casual flight over the island twenty-odd years ago spotted a beach around which he thought a super hotel absolutely *had* to be built, whence the Mauna Kea.

En route the bus driver passes a splotch of green, where, he tells you with gravity, some really serious nature lovers, including Sylvester Stallone, have built an oasis—a true organic little paradise. "They have no telephones," he announces over the loudspeaker, "and no television. Just a little private heliport." I am reminded of Art Buchwald, who years ago—after President Nixon's first nominee to the Supreme Court, Clement F. Haynsworth Jr., was turned down because he owned stocks and bonds in companies that had been involved in litigation that came before the bench—wrote that President Nixon had nominated to the Court a retired and reclusive lawyer from north Georgia who was instantly surrounded by the press. "Do you own any stock, Colonel?" "No, sir." "Any bonds?" "No, sir." "Any real estate?" "No, sir. All I own is a few slaves."

The following day there is general exhaustion. Five thousand miles of travel in one day, even aboard a Concorde, is debilitating; so that, when the bus showed up to take 98 potential passengers on a nine-hour tour of the volcanic delights of the island of Hawaii, only nine Concorders reported for duty. The rest rusticated: a little beach life, a little reading, a pickup of energy in the early afternoon, a helicopter trip to the volcano's roiling maw (it erupted as recently as in 1984, and belches up enough gas to suggest it is gathering its strength for another molten extravaganza that could just reach Rambo, down in that little pastoral enclave, unless he makes it in time to his heliport).

And then we settle down and listen to the chief economist of the Bank of Hawaii. David Ramsour—born in Hawaii, and intimidatingly learned, having studied and taught in Japan, Sweden, and Lebanon—speaks of "this lake," by which he means the Pacific Ocean, with its staggering economic potential—"one billion people waiting for contact lenses." Hawaii is quietly prosperous, with the lowest unemployment rate in the United States, but hark!—40 per cent of its income comes from tourism, and if you apply a 2.04 multiplier to that, you get something on the order of 80 per cent of the Hawaiian economy depending on tourists, and that is just plain not safe. All those pineapples and macadamia nuts—the whole of the agricultural produce of Hawaii—bring in only 4 per cent of its annual income. Hawaii must bring its tourist income down to around 30 per cent, developing its other facilities.

Like what?

Well, he tells us, the economic explosion on the shores of the Pacific lake is creating a need for . . . a mini-Geneva. The great Oriental economies—South Korea, Japan, Singapore, Taiwan—don't like litigation. They prefer to face economic problems via arbitration, and increasingly they think of Hawaii as truly cosmopolitan (25 per cent Japanese population, 15 per cent native Hawaiian), but also as an outpost of a superpower with established constitutional procedures. Down the line, Hawaii may become a great service center, brokering the conflicts that might otherwise bring sclerosis to an area exploding with demand, and latently with supply. Hawaii, the Geneva of the—Far West? Far East? It depends on whether you are looking at Hawaii from New York, or from Hong Kong.

The questions from the Concorders are shrewd, experienced. They will weigh the problem of Hawaii and the Pacific market with agility. Is there a risk that the next generation of commercial aircraft will travel at such speeds as to make Hawaii a mere way-station?—a mere refueling spot, en route to major industrial Pacific centers?

It doesn't seem conceivable, looking out on Laurence Rockefeller's yellow-white beach, the neighboring volcano sullen, but not mutinous. □

PAPEETE, TAHITI, APRIL 7—It is the same exasperating/amusing thing yet again: a wake-up call at 6:45 for a departure from the Kona airport at 9:00, the short hop to Honolulu, whence a 10:30 departure, destination Tahiti, 2,781 miles in 2 hours, 17 minutes. It is at such moments that one thinks of travel by Air Force One. You have to assume that the President wakes at 8:00, flies off at 8:15, and somehow—his bags materialize. If not, the two-party system is getting out of hand.

At Honolulu, waiting to board the Concorde, we crowd the tiny little waiting room—the sanctuary, one assumes, of the pilots of private planes, a few of whom are visibly unnerved by the arrival of 98 Concorders. It is mid-morning, and an appropriate time to visit the facilities. But these are limited to one toilet in the men's room, one in the ladies' room, which results in a line that is twenty minutes long; on returning to the reception room I am asked to →

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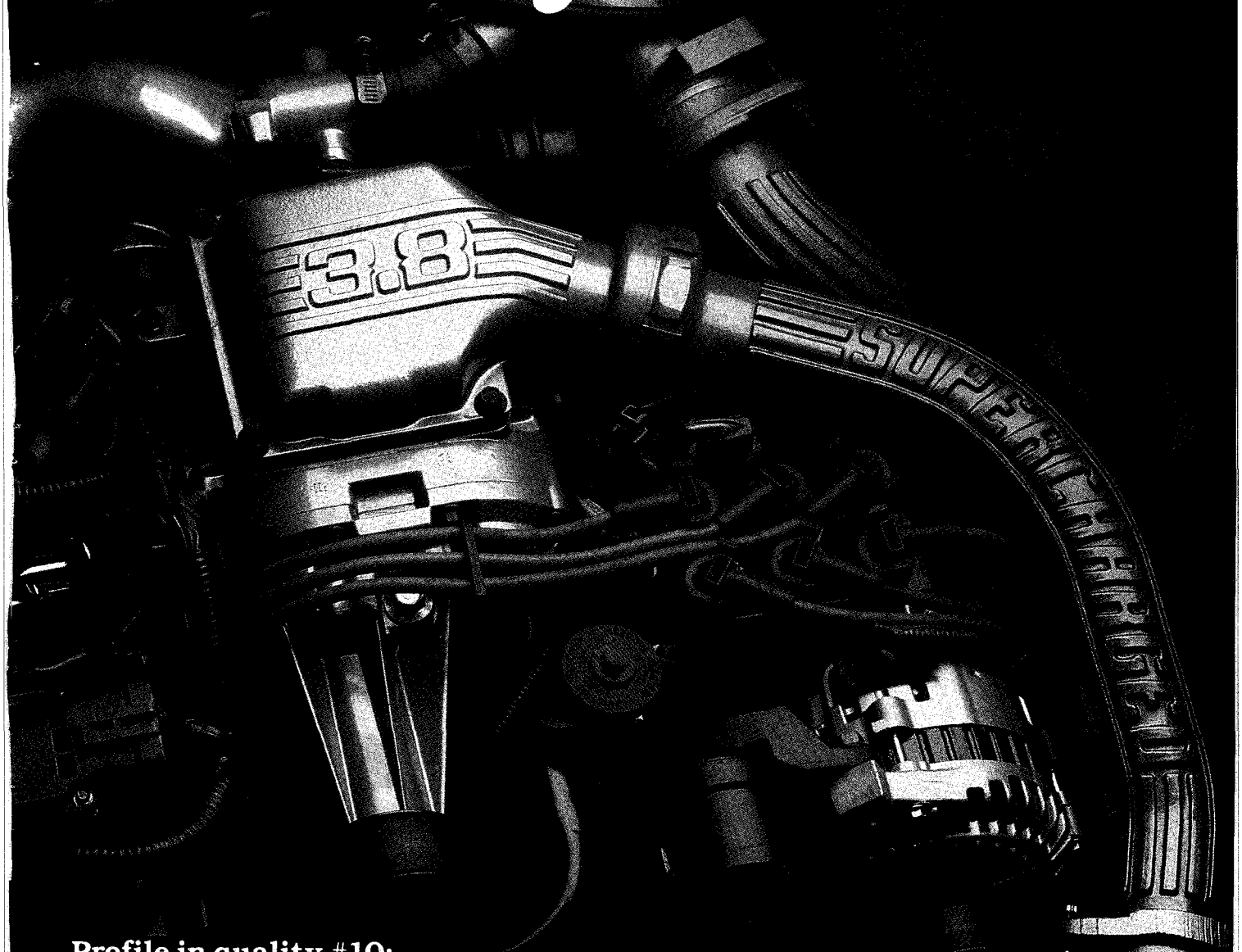
Quality is Job 1.



Profile in quality #10:
Engineering.

Shown here is the 3.8 Liter Supercharged engine. It represents sophisticated high performance engineering. The Supercharged engine, available in the Ford Thunderbird Super Coupe and Mercury Cougar XR-7, is one example of Ford's constant exploration and development of new technologies. When quality is job 1—you don't do it any other way.

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Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.

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Buckle up—together we can save lives.

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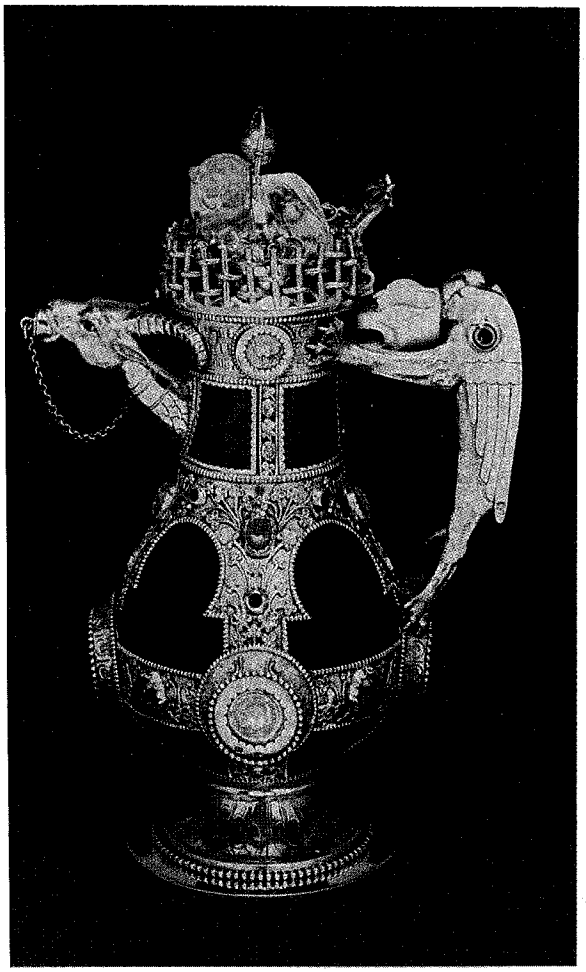
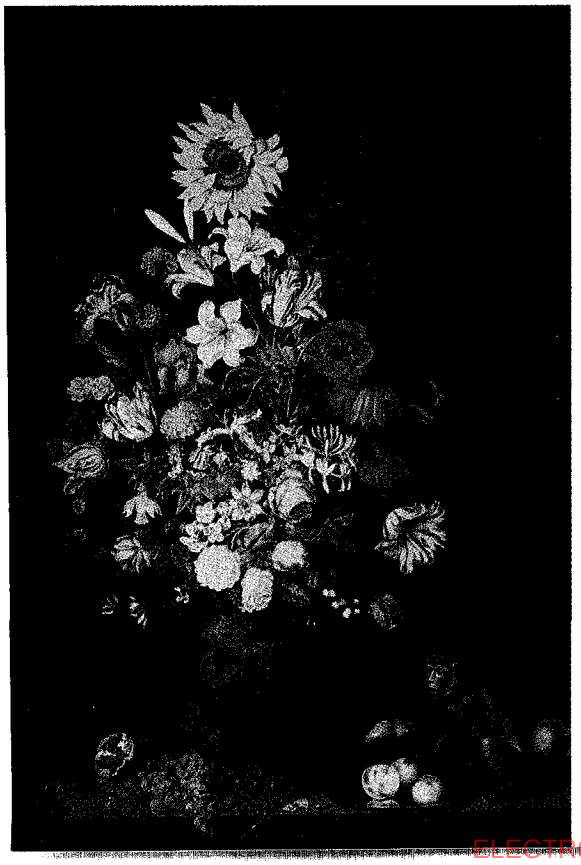
The Brilliant





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Bequests.

It was an unprecedented idea. The year was 1816, and Richard, seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, wanted the University of Cambridge to have its own art museum. His bequest began the Fitzwilliam Museum, considered by many to be the finest small museum in Europe.

Now we can see why in a remarkable exhibition entitled "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum: The Increase of Learning and Other Great Objects." The exhibition is as exceptional for its diversity as for its quality. It is virtually a guided tour through the history of art, with highly selective stops along the way. Pause to see a lion's ferocity on an ancient Persian coin. Leap forward a few centuries and see the power of paintings by Titian and Rubens. Stop by a drawing by Rembrandt or a print by Degas. Spend some time with sculpture from ancient Greece, or furniture from 19th-century England. In every case, what we see is what caught the discerning eye and passionate interests of generations of Cambridge-educated scholars and collectors.

We wanted to give this exhibition our support. It is rare that such collections travel, and to see this one is immensely enriching. There's the immediate benefit in seeing the finest art from other civilizations, but there is also the more lasting benefit — inevitably, we want to learn more.

National Tour: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, March 19 - June 18, 1989
Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, TX, July 15 - October 8, 1989
National Academy of Design, New York, NY, November 5 - January 28, 1990
High Museum of Art, Atlanta, GA, February 20 - May 6, 1990
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA, June 21 - September 9, 1990
The exhibition is organized by the Fitzwilliam Museum and the National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

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(Clockwise Top Left) DECANTER, 1865, William Burges. THE LAST OF ENGLAND, 1860, Ford Madox Brown. TWO MEN'S HEADS, circa 1600, Camillo Procaccini. (Bottom Right) CHARLES, 7TH EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, 1758, Pompeo Batoni. RECUMBENT HORSE, 17th-century Chinese, black and grey jac VASE OF FLOWERS WITH A MONKEY, circa 1635, Ambrosius II Brosschaert.

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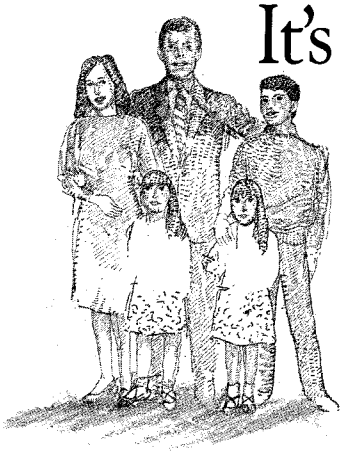
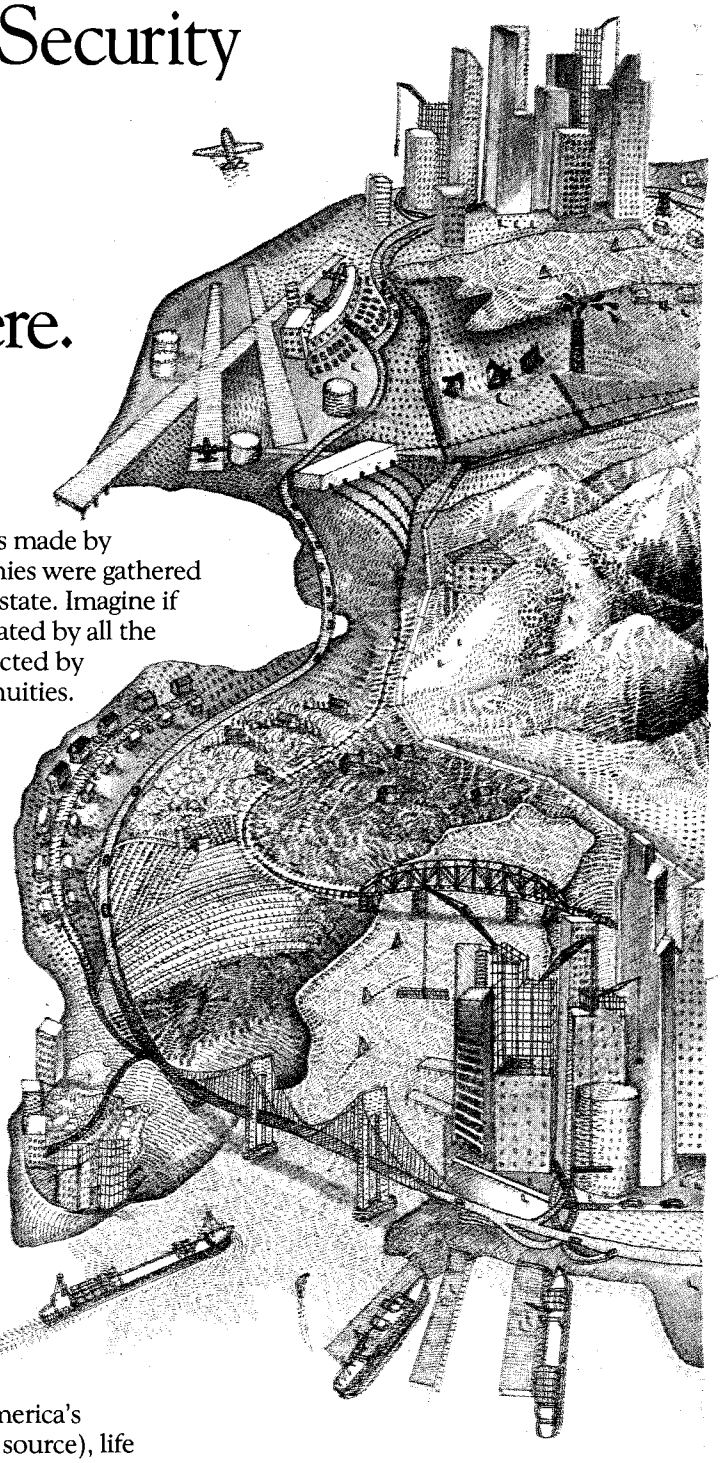
Why You Won't Find This

Because The State Of Security Built By Life Insurance Isn't Anywhere.

It's Everywhere.





Imagine if all the industry, all the small businesses, all the buildings, and all the jobs generated by investments made by life insurance companies were gathered together into a single state. Imagine if that state were populated by all the people who are protected by life insurance and annuities.

Such a state would dwarf the Empire State and make the Golden State lose much of its luster. What else would you call it but the State of Security?

The Great State of Security grows from the state of security enjoyed by over 155 million Americans who own life insurance and annuities.

Today, far more families enjoy more protection than ever before. Eighty-one percent of all U.S. households have some form of life insurance, with an average coverage of $110,000.

There are few better bargains. Since 1960, the cost of living has increased 300%, while the cost per $1000 of life insurance coverage has actually come down by 30%.

How big is the Capital of the State of Security?

By providing 12% of the available funds for America's capital markets (the second largest private sector source), life insurance companies contribute as much to the public good as they do to the security of private citizens. Currently life insurance companies have hundreds of billions of dollars invested in America, over $580 billion of which is held in corporate and government bonds, spread across every state in the union.

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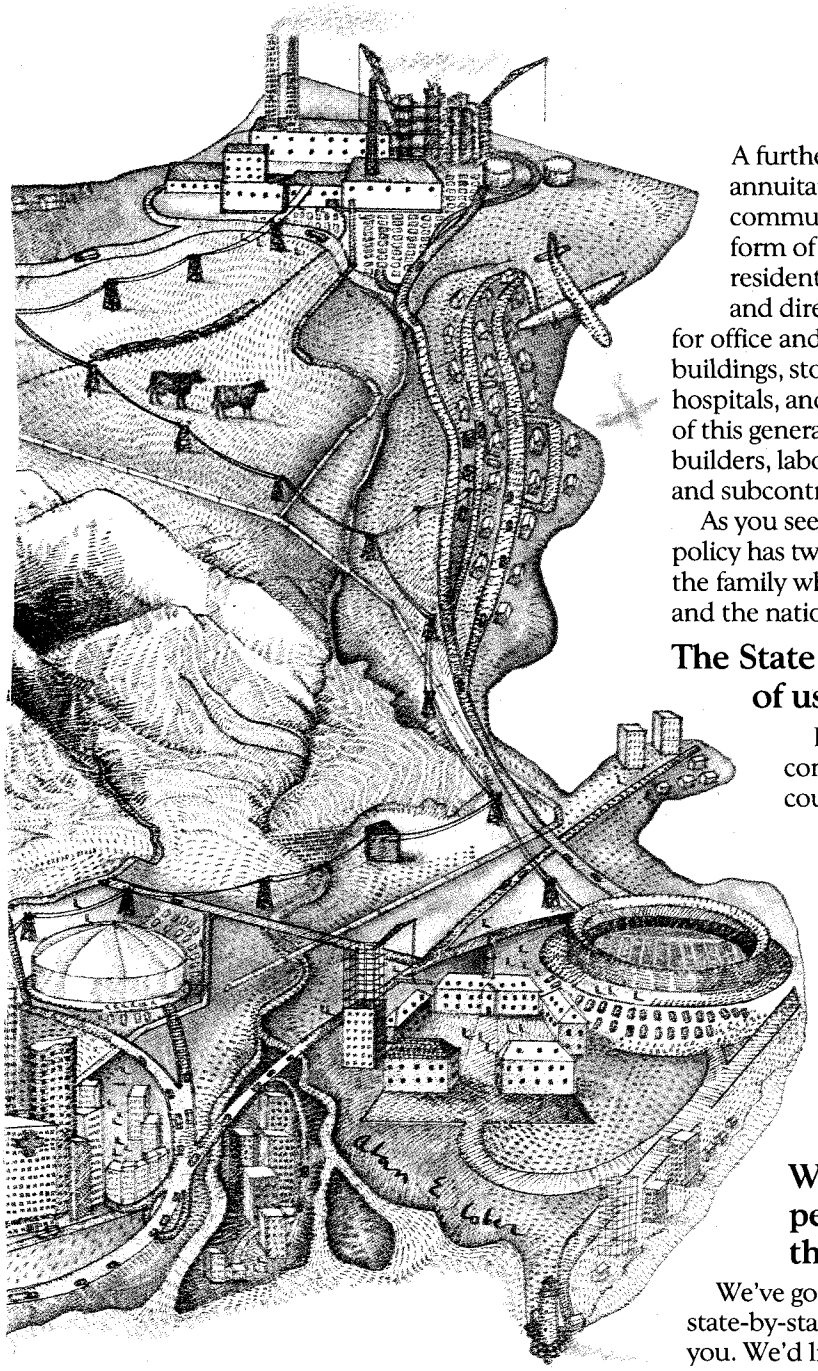
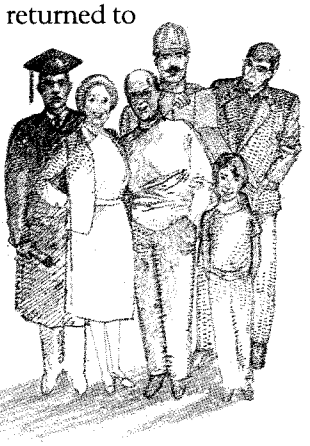
Great State On Any Map.



A further $250 billion of these policyholders' and annuitants' reserve funds are returned to communities in the form of commercial and residential mortgages and direct investments for office and industrial buildings, stores, homes, hospitals, and schools. All of this generates work for builders, laborers, suppliers, and subcontractors.

As you see, every insurance policy has two beneficiaries: the family who buys it and the nation's economy.



The State of Security benefits not just a few of us, but all of us.

In a time when the U.S. savings rate compares so unfavorably to that of other countries, increases in life insurance and private pension reserves account for over one third of all long-term personal savings in the U.S. Unlike foreign sources, these funds provide a particularly stable and reliable source of long-term capital.

This constant cycling of funds from families to industry and back to families and their communities makes life insurance America's greatest industry for growth.

We want to show you how many people from your state are living in the State of Security.

We've got lots of facts and figures broken down state-by-state and we'd like to share them with you. We'd like to show you how we are helping to make your communities better places to live not only through investments, but also through our grants, our volunteers, and our targeted social investments.

Write the American Council of Life Insurance: 1001 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004-2599 Or call: 1-202-624-2410. We're there when you need us.

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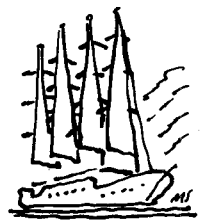
sign the visitors' register, and only just resist the temptation to write, "Buckley pissed here." One pilot, who looks like Gary Cooper aged, oh, 51, introduces himself as the former Air Force pilot who flew the Herc-130 that, in 1972, took a dozen of us along as guests of the Secretary of the Navy to visit Antarctica and the South Pole. I remembered the captain well. His voice had come in, halfway from Christchurch, New Zealand, to McMurdo Station. "If anything happens from this point on, gentlemen, and we have to set down to a sea landing, reach for the nearest heavy object, tie it around your neck, and go down as quickly as possible. The water temperature is about twenty degrees and we are four hours from any possible Coast Guard help." Those pleasantries linger in the memory.



The voice of the Concorde captain comes in. "We are at one degree north latitude," he says. "I will tell you when we reach the equator." That pilot, I nudge my wife, is playing into *my hands*. I happen to know that one degree of latitude is equal to sixty miles, that we are traveling at 1,200 miles per hour, which means twenty miles in one minute. So we will cross the equator when? Right! In three minutes; so I look at my watch and smile gloatingly—whereupon my hand accidentally knocks my wife's crab leg out of her mouth, immediately followed by the captain's announcement that we have crossed the equator. I think simultaneously of two things. The first is that passenger John Saxon, the firebrand who is trying to rescue American youth from mathematical illiteracy, would be pleased even by this elementary exercise; and the second, that suddenly it is not early spring in the Northern Hemisphere, but early fall in the Southern Hemisphere. I pray that Tahiti will have left permanently the awful rainy season that dogs December, January, and February.

We arrive in the rain, and go to the Beachcomber Hotel, as many as possible to cabins that perch right over the sea, permitting you to descend into the ocean water for a swim. Absolutely necessary in the 85-degree heat. The following day an air-conditioned bus takes us the one hundred miles around the island, past the Gauguin museum, about which it is most striking that it cannot afford to buy a single canvas painted by the melancholic Frenchman. Tahiti is perhaps the single most celebrated small island in the world, its natural raptures rapturously recorded. But there are those, and they include Herman Melville and Captain Cook, who inveighed against the wanton ways of the Tahitians of the nineteenth century.

Today, they remain a very small body of people. French Polynesia has a population of only 180,000, spread over 130 islands, which occupy an area larger than continental Europe. It is no wonder that Paris is anxious to maintain its hegemony, notwithstanding gradual steps toward self-government. The politics of Tahiti, like the politics of Puerto Rico, has to do with how one wishes to be situated vis-à-vis the historical godfather. There are those in Puerto Rico who would kill to become a state, others who would kill to sever all ties with the United States.

It is so here in Tahiti. The French (it is subtly and plausibly argued) don't want a flourishing Tahiti because that would feed impulses to separation. Better to continue with the annual subsidies, so that French Polynesia will continue to depend on France, to which it sends many of its 17-year-olds for a year's national service every year. And there is the delicate question of the island of Mururoa, 750 miles south of Papeete, where the French set off their nuclear explosions. It isn't just anywhere that a nation can conduct nuclear tests. For instance, they wouldn't like it at all in the Champagne country. A great big Pacific area is virtually indispensable for this purpose, and much of the politics of Tahiti pits the end-the-bombers against those who believe that France must continue to develop its *force de frappe*. And so it does not surprise that the morning's newspaper gives significant notice to preparations for the celebration of the centenary of Charles de Gaulle, whose vision comprehended the loss of French Indochina and French Algeria, but not of French Polynesia.

These questions the Concorders will reflect upon tomorrow, when we convene on the largest sailboat in the world, the computer-guided *Wind Song*, which will take us to the island of Moorea and, unless it capsizes, back, to listen to a lecture from a gentleman born in Great Britain whose parents brought him to Tahiti when he was seven years old. We will need to dispose of Tahiti's problems before taking on those of New Zealand, a mere 2,800 miles to the west. □

QUEENSTOWN, NEW ZEALAND, APRIL 10—Twice I've left Tahiti with little internal grumblings about a) the heat (can you be happy, even at the best luau since they celebrated the mutiny against Captain Bligh, when the temperature is 85 degrees?); and b) the expense (e.g., $12.50 for one of those airplane-sized Scotches; twenty bucks per page for a FAX to New York). But that is to break a butterfly on a wheel, because beautiful, aromatic Tahiti stays in the memory, including the sail to Moorea, which has to be the loveliest island in the world. (I mean, the second loveliest, after São Miguel in the Azores.)

But our pilgrimage, like Chaucer's, has fixed dates of departure, and one does not keep a Concorde waiting, so that by 10:48 we had outpaced the speed of sound, by 10:58 we had doubled it. Our leader, Don Pevsner, confessed over the microphone that he had never really fully understood the whole business of the international date line, so never mind an explanation, take your choice: either set your watch ahead by 22 hours, or set it back by two hours. Most of us could figure out that this would amount to the same thing, though for those watches that also record the date, there is a subtle difference.

Now, Captain Cook never got to Christchurch, so it may not be surprising that no Concorde had ever been seen in the third largest city in New Zealand. We all felt like Queen Elizabeth, because over one hundred thousand people were out there to see their first supersonic aircraft land, and to celebrate this welcome our captain did a majestic sweep over the city. I remember being told once that a royal handwave is best practiced by pretending that you are unscrewing a light bulb. I passed the word along.

The greeting was formal and ceremonial in a most dramatic fashion. We were driven to City Hall and there were told to submit to the ritual interrogation of a Maori chief, who appeared with a chorus of thirty young girls in tribal costume arrayed behind him, silent until he gave them the word that we were Friends, not Enemies.
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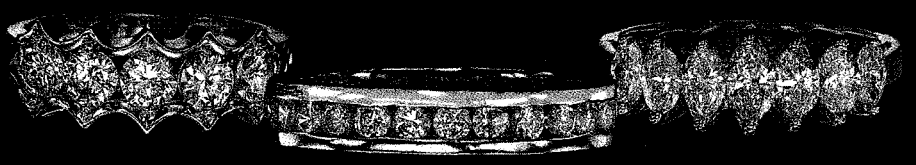
Fifth Anniversary. Sixth Anniversary. Seventh Anniversary. Eighth Anniversary. Ninth Anniversary.

She may well appreciate all the perfume you've given her. However, she now owns enough to fill a medium-size lake.



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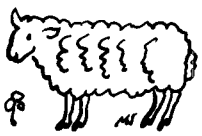
Now this venture in epistemology required the chief to exercise himself in frenzied gyrations, slashing his spear this way and that, the sword in his left hand thrust toward the throat of the spokesman for the visiting tribe. Since I was serving in that function, my eyes grew wider and wider as the chief approached me, accompanying his savage motions with emunctory sounds that could only be interpreted as that he thought I would make a very good meal. My mind turned intuitively to instructions given a few years ago by an expert on how to deal with someone approaching you intending mortal harm —when, suddenly, the chief gave a cooing sound, dropping his knife on the floor. The girls behind him began an irenic chant, and the Maori princess on my right instructed me to pick up the knife and then to proceed (she pointed) to the very left of the chorus and kiss, by rubbing noses, everyone in the front row.



Having only a fortnight ago been involved in the production of my play, my theatrical juices were running and I was prepared to wiggle my nose across the noses of ten young ladies, but found myself propelled first toward the ferocious chief, and then—toward the mayor of Christchurch. If you wonder what that challenge felt like, imagine being propelled toward, oh, Woodrow Wilson, having been told to rub your nose against his. Well, eyes closed, I did it; then the mayor saluted us, speaking in English; we were given food and drink, and dispatched on buses for a three-hour tour of Christchurch (established 1850, and often cited as the most English city outside England).

It is too bad, that business with Prime Minister Lange, because my third visit to New Zealand confirms my conviction that there is nowhere a race of kinder & gentler people than the Kiwis. David Lange, as we know, forbade us in 1985 to bring in a naval ship unless we first declared whether it contained any nuclear bombs, which declaration for obvious reasons it is against U.S. policy to make. The hand grenade David Lange threw into our delicate network of treaties had the anticipated result: the Green Party of West Germany went mad with delight, the Low Countries' unilateralists suggested every other ally should take the same step, and for a tense few months the question arose, What would the U.S. do? If New Zealand had to defend itself, it would rely on an army about half the size of the police force of New York City, and a naval fighting force of four aging frigates. Obviously, the idea was that Australia and New Zealand would supply the bases and the harbors, and we the technical armory in the event of an attack. Which looked, back then, to be remote, and certainly seems remote today: even so, New Zealand was formally drummed out of ANZUS by Secretary Shultz, and we all more or less promised to forget about it, and now we mention it only in . . . a whisper.

And, arriving in fabled Queenstown after our tour of Christchurch, the Concorders could find no one—no one at all—disposed to talk about the America's Cup problem. The steadfastly polite New Zealanders simply did not wish to discuss the question with visiting Americans and, having pledged our friendship to the Maori chief, we agree to let the matter drop.

And let Queenstown distract us. It is 250 miles southwest of Christchurch, which makes it pretty cool the first week of April, heading toward winter, the wonderful fortnight when all the trees, including the spectacular poplars, are changing in color. There are mountains with flecks of fresh snow here, and the lake runs 52 miles north-south. The temperature of the water is never inviting. In fact, Queenstown reposes at just about the equivalent latitude of the *Titanic* when, exactly 77 years ago, it went down: the temperature of the water was 28 degrees, in Queenstown about 33 degrees. So you cannot swim (for any protracted period) but you can ride a little steam-train, a survivor of the pre-World War I 3.5-gauge trains, with only Jesse James and his sixshooter missing. And then you board a 168-foot steamboat, launched (another coincidence) the very day the *Titanic* went down. And put in at a sheep farm where you see a miraculous black and white collie-shaped dog carry out his owner's orders with miraculous precision, bounding away a full mile to bring in a half-dozen errant sheep. One of these is brought in to be sheared, so that we can see how the operation is done. The sheep-farmer is from New Zealand Central Casting, bronzed, handsome, sardonic, amusing, fluent, witty. He subdues the sheep without any difficulty whatever as he reaches for the electric trimmer, which will slice away four kilos of wool (worth $60). I wondered out loud to my companion how it is that the sheep is so passive while being fleeced, and my friend tells me he sees no difference between New Zealand sheep and U.S. taxpayers.

And so we wander back in our steamboat to Queenstown, and will dine tonight as individual guests of New Zealand families, expressing hospitality in the most traditional form. We will speak about every subject in the world, except the America's Cup, and ANZUS. □

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, APRIL 12—When you leave Queenstown on such a day as this you come close to knowing what it was like when the clock struck midnight for Cinderella. Leave it at that, but put it down on your wish-list, a few days in that green-white valley with the endless blue lake and the poplar trees, and people to match—I mean, the telephone operator hopes you will come back soon and wishes you a happy next leg of your trip. There is, one pauses sadly to note, no way you can have a happy leg Queenstown-Christchurch; when the stewardess tells you soon before landing to make your seat upright you grimly guffaw, because Cook Airlines has seats that were upright *pre partu*, *in partu*, and *post partum*. That is a fancy but gratifying way of saying that Mr. Cook's airplane seats were conceived upright, delivered upright, and live upright.

At Christchurch our Concorde was waiting for us, and off we wheed to Sydney—needless to say, set on breaking yet another speed record; but difficult, since no Concorde had ever before set out from Christchurch to Sydney.

There was tension, but the reasons for it were Top Secret. Just before take-off, Don Pevsner whispered to me that the probability was that our Concorde would land not in Sydney, but in Brisbane. This was not a so-what alternative, since three *Firing Line* shows had been laboriously scheduled to begin one hour after we landed at Sydney, one of them featuring the feisty, ingratiating Prime Minister, Mr. Robert Hawke. The trouble in Sydney is an air-traffic controllers' teaser-strike, which during the past

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few days has immobilized the airport in the morning and late afternoon—but, advance intelligence informs us, will today do its calisthenics at midday. Landing at Brisbane instead of Sydney would do to us, given theatrical deadlines, something on the order of what landing on Saturn instead of the Moon would have done to our astronauts.

And so I stared at the Concorde's graphic public displays giving altitude, plane speed, and time-to-go to destination. We had reached maximum speed (Mach 2) when there was this—well, this little tremor . . . and almost instantly we heard from the captain, in the British version of accents Tom Wolfe has described in *The Right Stuff*, that there was nothing to worry about, just a little flame whichwhat, accordingly we worried about nothing, and those in the know experienced only elation that nothing had been said about a forced landing at Brisbane.

A half-hour later, after a perfect landing, there was an unusual delay in lining up the steps. And there were all those fire trucks . . . As all the world now knows, ten square feet of our tail section was missing. A melodramatic gash, as if a huge tiger from outer space had reached down for a great big munch. Our pilot, swamped by the press, explained in not quite as many words that he was glad to establish that the Concorde could land half-arsed.

Prime Minister Bob Hawke, who was a Rhodes scholar and a trade unionist in the I-eat-capitalists-alive tradition of John L. Lewis, has been in power since 1983. He suffers at this point for political and personal reasons. The Australian economy is in the doldrums, though of course the spirited polemicist Hawke declines to acknowledge that high inflation, high interest rates, high tariffs, and high taxation have hurt Australia. Two hours after he left the television studio he announced to Parliament reforms that headed in the right direction, though not sharply enough to address the point nicely made by Alan Reynolds in the *Wall Street Journal* a little while ago, namely, "Australia is simply going to have to look more like Hong Kong and less like Argentina. It needs to become a tax haven complete with much freer trade and a stable currency."

What you have to understand about Australia, columnist-commentator Philip Adams had informed us in the earlier *Firing Line* program, is that "nobody calls him 'Mr. Prime Minister,' they call him, 'Bob.'" I objected that no matter how republican the spirit of polemical exchange, I thought it odd to call a prime minister "Bob," and probably would have a problem doing so even if the prime minister were my son. The question of how exactly to think of the PM is especially relevant now because a few weeks ago he went on the air to announce, with tears in his eyes, that in days gone by he had been an adulterer, and he wanted to apologize right here and now to his wife, Hazel. What, Mr. Adams wanted to know—he is Australia's Bill Moyers/Walter Cronkite/Art Buchwald—was, What would the United States do if President George Bush were to go on the air and make similar revelations? —his point being that the republican intimacy that traditionally binds Australians to one another makes for a singularly compassionate treatment of those who have fallen.

I replied that our President is chief of state, not merely chief of government, and that if Queen Elizabeth had gone on the air to say such things as Mr. Hawke had said, possibly even latitudinarian Australia would have felt a certain geological shock. As it is, I ventured, Mr. Hawke's public act of contrition distinguishes him as someone who acknowledges that adultery is wrong, even as we are commanded to forgive its occurrence seventy times seven times. But surely, I insisted, this had nothing to do with Australian informality, reminding myself that Evelyn Waugh had once written to a friend that whereas he welcomed intimacy, he despised informality.

Accordingly, when he came in, I said, "Mr. Prime Minister, have you learned from your experience as—prime minister?" I quoted to him a sentence he had spoken ten years ago on *Firing Line*, when he appeared as head of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, namely, "Anybody whose opinions don't change as the result of experience should be booted out." Had his views changed about plenipotentiary rights of labor unions, e.g., to stop air traffic? Did he approve President Reagan's action when the U.S. controllers struck in defiance of the law?

Ah well, we would learn yet again that men in high office do not answer questions, they maneuver. The Prime Minister rambled about, talking about the differences between U.S. and Australian cultural traditions. Concerning which books can be written, and indeed have been. But it's nice to think that no country is so distinctly different from any other that it cannot profit from a Bill of Rights.

GOOD EVENING. IN THE NEWS TONIGHT—ARE WE EATING CANCEROUS KILLER APPLES?! THE 10th ANNIVERSARY OF THREE MILE ISLAND: IS IT REALLY SAFE TO BREATHE? AND LATER IN THIS NEWSCAST— A STARTLING REPORT ON THE ODDS THAT THE NEXT AIRPLANE YOU'RE ON WILL FALL APART IN MID-AIR!
ON THE AIR
GOD, I LOVE JOURNALISM!..
ABC NEWS

On the other hand, if the air-traffic controllers in Sydney had closed down the airport, who knows? Maybe our Concorde would have retained its tail. As we regrouped in the late afternoon, the Concorders were divided on several questions, one group hailing the durability of an aircraft that can fly with clipped wings, another wondering if strange vibrations are emanating from the anarchic centers of unconfined power Down Under. Perhaps the wildcat strikers are saying: It's okay to fly into Sydney, but don't go and break speed records in doing so. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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THE BUSH SAVINGS & LOAN PLAN

The President's plan for dealing with a $160-billion problem has merit, but it doesn't address the root cause: federal deposit insurance. The current system puts all the risks on the taxpayers; if the odds are right, even bankers will gamble.

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

WILLIAM NISKANEN & CATHERINE ENGLAND

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION deserves credit for moving quickly to address the Savings & Loan crisis. The proposed changes in bank regulation and in deposit insurance, however, are too little to assure (in President Bush's words) "that this situation is not repeated again." And the proposed schedule for closing or merging the insolvent savings banks is too late to minimize the costs to taxpayers and to other banks.

How did "this situation" arise, in which taxpayers are now obliged to pay some $100 billion to protect the insured deposits in the insolvent savings banks? The primary source of the problem is a very flawed insurance contract between the federal deposit-insurance agencies and depositors. The deposit-insurance agencies were established in 1933 for commercial banks (FDIC) and in 1934 for savings banks (FSLIC). Though Franklin Roosevelt and most of the nation's bankers opposed federal deposit guarantees, they were introduced in the hope of avoiding a repetition of the general financial panic of late 1932 and early 1933.

The basic insurance contract has not changed since then. All banks are charged the same low premium regardless of the risk that an individual institution presents to the insurance agencies. The amount of insurance, initially $2,500 per deposit, has subsequently increased in several steps to $100,000 per deposit. Moreover, if the deposit-insurance agencies have to close an insolvent bank, they usually do so by arranging a merger with another bank and fully protecting all deposits regardless of size.

These generous insurance contracts create two perverse incentives. First, banks have an incentive to increase their risk exposure as their net worth deteriorates; for a bank with zero or negative net worth, *all* of the downside risks of questionable loans are borne by the deposit-insurance funds and, indirectly, by taxpayers and other banks. Second, even large depositors now face no risk when placing their deposits in a high-risk bank. These problems are inherent in the structure of the insurance contract.

The problems are only compounded by the unique American system that segments financial institutions geographically and by line of business. Such regulations increase the institutions' vulnerability to difficulties in a specific sector or region. If oil prices fall, Texas banks will get into trouble; if housing demand drops, banks specializing in mortgages will falter. Savings banks are uniquely vulnerable to problems in the housing sector and—because most of their loans are long-term, fixed-rate mortgages while their deposits can be withdrawn on short notice—to an increase in short-term interest rates.

A number of commentators have concluded, quite incorrectly, that the current crisis among savings banks is due to deregulation. In fact, the aggregate net worth of the Savings & Loan industry was minus $110 billion in 1981, *before* the full decontrol of deposit interest rates and the broadening of asset powers. Continued interest-rate controls would have precipitated a crisis earlier, because both solvent and insolvent banks would have lost deposits to the money-market funds and other unregulated financial instruments, which would have been able to offer investors a better return on their savings. And asset deregulation, including the authority to issue variable-rate mortgages, reduced the potential vulnerability of savings-bank portfolios, even though it also provided new ways for imprudent managers to lose money.

Mr. Niskanen was a member of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisors from April 1981 to March 1985 and acting chairman after June 1984. He is chairman and Miss England is director of regulatory studies at the Cato Institute.

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Given the political constraints on closing insolvent savings banks, however, the deregulation of deposit rates did create one new problem. Deposit insurance had long provided an incentive for insolvent and near-insolvent banks to bid away deposits from healthier institutions and attempt to gamble their way out of their problems; the deregulation of deposit rates now gave these institutions the opportunity, by allowing them to offer higher interest to attract more depositors. As long as insolvent banks are allowed to remain open and offer federally insured accounts, deposits will flow from low-risk to high-risk banks, increasing deposit rates at all banks, as well as the potential liabilities of the deposit-insurance funds. Reregulating deposit rates, however, would only compound this problem by inducing a flow of funds from all banks into unregulated financial instruments.

THERE ARE three basic ways to avoid a recurrence of these problems:

1. Restructure banks to eliminate the need for deposit insurance. One creative proposal of this type, by Robert Litan of the Brookings Institution, would require all depository institutions to maintain a reserve of low-risk, short-term marketable securities (such as Treasury bills) to back all deposits. Depository institutions thus would be self-insured by sufficient liquid assets to match any deposit withdrawals. Mortgages and other loans would be provided by other institutions, maybe within the same bank holding company, and would be financed on the general capital market. This may be the most attractive alternative, but it is also the most radical.

2. Restructure deposit insurance to reduce both the incentive and the opportunity for excessive risk-taking. Charging each bank a deposit-insurance premium based on the expected risk to the insurance fund would minimize the incentive for excessive risk-taking, but would probably require more information than is realistically available to federal authorities. Reducing the total insurance to $40,000 per depositor (from $100,000 per deposit), as recently recommended by the Reagan Council of Economic Advisors, would substantially reduce the opportunity for high-risk banks to attract additional deposits; this proposal would also require that only insured deposits be transferred in any subsequent sale of insolvent banks.

3. Increase the level and enforcement of capital ratios to reduce the probability that any bank will become insolvent. The most detailed proposal of this type is by professors George Benston of Emory University and George Kaufman of Loyola University of Chicago. Two changes in current practices are necessary for this approach to be effective. Federal regulators must be prepared to implement a progressive increase in sanctions as the capital ratio of an individual bank falls below the required level, and the regulators must be prepared to force reorganization of a bank *before* it becomes insolvent. Second, bank accounting rules must be improved to measure more accurately the market value of the net worth of banks.

The Bush "reform" plan adopts the general structure of the Benston/Kaufman proposal, but most of the details have yet to be worked out. The savings banks are, within two years, to have capital ratios that are "not less stringent" than those applied to commercial banks, but changes in commercial-bank capital ratios are now under consideration. The deposit-insurance agency would be required to control the growth of assets by savings banks that do not meet the higher capital standards and would have the authority to terminate deposit insurance; but no schedule of intermediate sanctions has been developed. Savings banks would be required to use "generally accepted accounting principles," but not the more stringent market-value accounting. Congress has already eroded the higher capital ratios in the Bush plan. Furthermore, the proposed increase in the flat-rate deposit-insurance premiums for both savings and commercial banks would actually increase the cross-subsidy from safe banks to more risky banks by reducing the rates banks can responsibly pay depositors.

Even if these issues are worked out, savings banks will still represent a greater risk to the deposit-insurance fund than do commercial banks. At best, savings banks will still be uniquely vulnerable to conditions in the housing industry and to the interest-rate risk of long-term fixed-rate mortgages.

It is important to recognize, however, that the deposit-insurance fund for commercial banks is also in serious trouble. During 1988, for example, the number of commercial-bank failures came to within one of matching the number of savings-bank failures, and the FDIC used 20 per cent of its reserves to sort out the problems of one Texas bank. An independent group of financial-regulation experts estimated that the currently booked and unbooked losses of the commercial banks would all but exhaust the remaining reserves of the FDIC. And the regionally segmented commercial-banking system is vulnerable to problems in the agriculture, energy, and manufacturing sectors as well as the problems of foreign debt. If Mr. Bush secures a second term, he will face a meltdown of FDIC similar to that of FSLIC.

FINALLY, THE PROPOSED SCHEDULE for closing the insolvent savings banks is too slow. The Bush plan proposes to spend $50 billion over the next three years. But the liabilities of insolvent savings banks that remain open are expected to increase at a 20 per cent annual rate. Since the Federal Government can borrow at a 9 per cent rate, borrowing and committing the full $50 billion this year would minimize the cost. Earlier closure of these banks would also strengthen the remaining banks by reducing the rates they must pay on their deposits. The losses have already been incurred; there is no reason to delay a formal acknowledgment of this public debt.

In summary, the Bush plan is a good start, but only a start. Congress deserves more information about capital standards and regulatory authority before approving the plan. The banks deserve clearer guidance about the conditions under which specific regulatory sanctions would be imposed. Taxpayers deserve a plan that minimizes the costs of the bailout, and also minimizes the prospect of another deposit-insurance meltdown. The American public deserves some honest answers about the trillions of dollars of implicit liabilities that the Federal Government has been acquiring in the form of off-budget loans, loan guarantees, and pension and deposit insurance. On the way toward "a kinder and gentler America," we might also hope for more honest government. □

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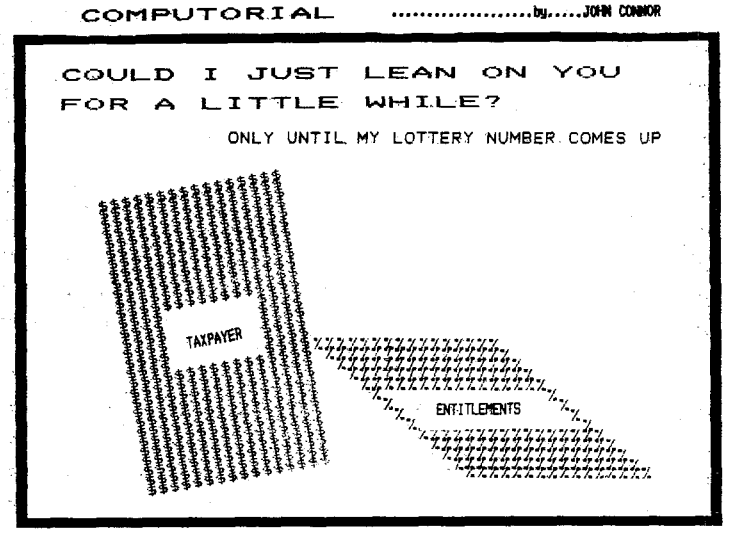
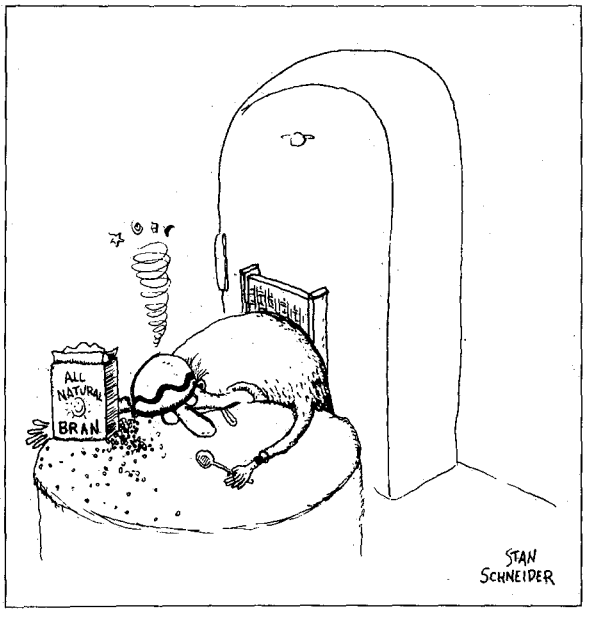
hello !!!!

On Poetics

The limerick form I eschew,
Except for a subject that's blue,
When rollicking verse
Instead of a curse
Enhances one's prurient view.

W. H. von Dreele


COMPUTORIAL .....by.....JOHN CONNOR
COULD I JUST LEAN ON YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE?
ONLY UNTIL MY LOTTERY NUMBER COMES UP
TAXPAYER
ENTITLEMENTS



First Reported Bran Overdose

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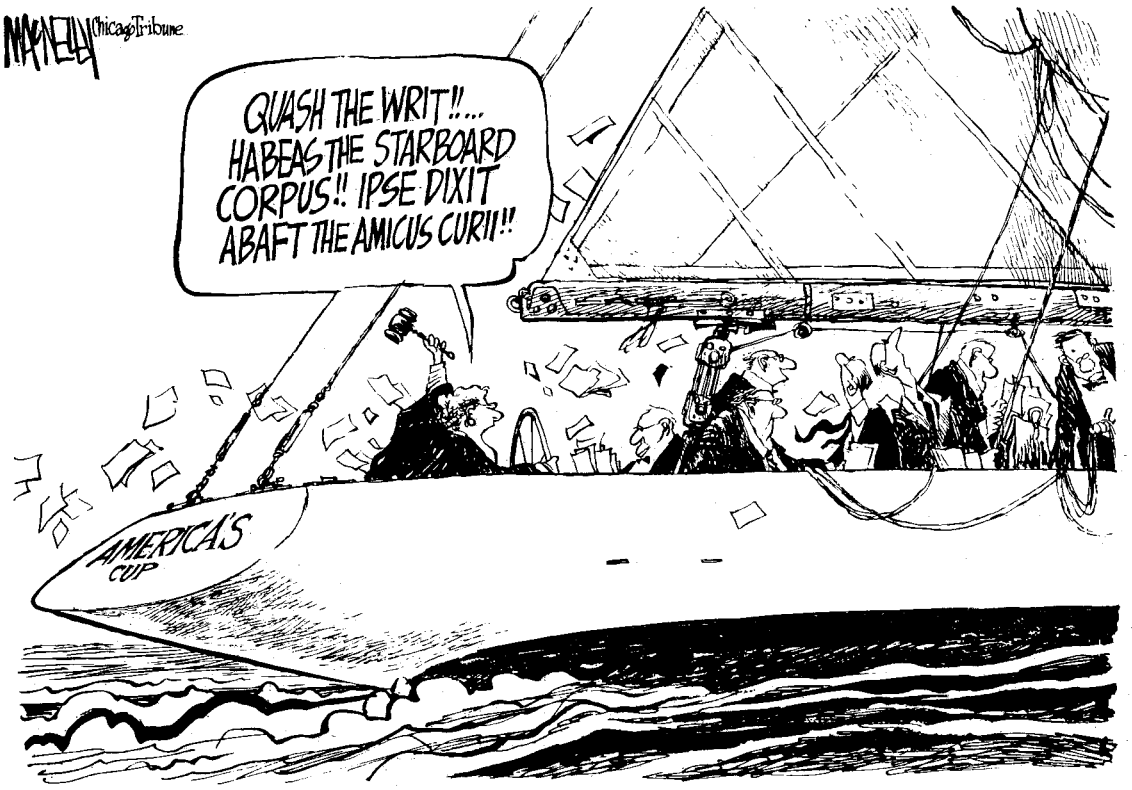

New Nautical Terminology

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ARIZONA HOLY WAR

To political observers, it must seem
the greatest comeback since 'the New Nixon.'
To Republicans, it's a portent of civil war between the Religious Right and the establishment.
In Arizona, it's a dream for some, a nightmare for others.

THE RESURRECTION OF EVAN MECHAM

KENNETH V. SMITH

Six years after the California gubernatorial defeat that had seemingly ended his political career, Richard Nixon was elected President of the United States. In what could be the greatest comeback since Nixon's, Evan Mecham, one year after his removal from the Arizona governor's office by a State Senate court of impeachment, declared his intention to return to that office in 1990. Right now, he's the favorite to win the Republican primary.

The story of his first rise and fall made national headlines. In the 1986 GOP primary, Mecham, an auto-dealer and perennial candidate, was the surprise winner over an establishment opponent. Then the general election turned into a three-way race, with a second Democrat running as an independent. Mecham won the election with 40 per cent of the vote. He then became a "national outrage" with choice comments on religion, his political opponents, and anything else that came to mind, and for opposing Martin Luther King Day. Within months, he was the target of a massive recall drive, six felony indictments by a state grand jury, and the impeachment proceedings—the only governor in American history to face simultaneously all three methods of removal from office.

He already has a declared opponent for the 1990 race. J. Fife Symington III, a real-estate developer, who was the first Phoenix business leader to publicly ask for Mecham's resignation, has offered himself to Arizona Republicans because "Evan Mecham must be stopped."

The contrast between the two reflects the clash of cultures in the Republican Party in Arizona—and perhaps nationwide. Mecham was born dirt poor and raised on a farm during the Depression. He eventually made millions, through decades of hard work and a spartan life style, but he is still more comfortable with working-class good ol' boys; for his inaugural ball, he bought his tuxedo at Sears.

Symington may own stock in Sears, but he buys his clothes elsewhere. His great-grandfather was Henry Clay Frick, founder of U.S. Steel, and he is a product of Gilman Country Day School and Harvard, where he organized students for Goldwater in 1964.

Symington says he will not vote for Mecham if the former governor wins the primary, and he is not alone. There are many Republicans who, although they may agree with Mecham on economic issues, have been embarrassed by his remarks about minorities, by his stooping to argue with journalists, and by his injection of religion into the affairs of state. That's why Mecham was impeached by a Republican-controlled legislature, on two specious charges which would have been swept under the rug for a more popular governor. The first charge was that he obstructed an investigation into a death threat on a state employee. No one was ever arrested, let alone prosecuted and convicted, on the alleged threat. The second charge was that he loaned state funds to his auto dealership. Mecham claims the money was from his campaign fund, not part of the state treasury. Today, the money sits in his campaign bank account, despite the best efforts over the past year of Attorney General Bob Corbin.

In the criminal courts, Mecham was acquitted of violating campaign laws. The jury returned the verdict in three hours; afterward, several jurors hugged Mecham. One juror publicly donated $100 to his legal defense fund.

Joe Lane, then speaker of the Arizona House, defends the impeachment: "Ev Mecham was tried in a constituted court. The legislators obeyed the law. They did everything right. If that's a raw deal, then it's a raw deal." But he also says, if Mecham "had just kept his damn mouth shut, and used his brain and not been so stubborn, he would still be governor today."

Since then, the voters have weighed in with their own opinion. When Lane, who as speaker started the impeachment proceedings, sought re-election, he finished third in his district primary despite his statewide reputation as an influential and experienced Republican legislator.

There have been other warning signs. One of Mecham's most widely publicized "gaffes" was when he told a Jewish congregation that the United States is a great Christian nation. At last January's state Republican convention, the floor passed by a voice vote a resolution declaring this to be a Christian nation, just as Mecham had said.

For as many as one-fourth of Arizona's voters, Evan Mecham is a catalytic leader who fought the combined evil forces of big government and the hidden power structure, and was then victimized by an anti-democratic lynch

Mr. Smith was Governor Mecham's second press secretary. He is writing a book about Evan Mecham and the news media.

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mob. The war is against Communists, abortionists, atheists, influence peddlers, weak-kneed judges, crooked politicians, drug dealers, pornographers, conspirators, sex educators, liberal reporters, and anyone who does not accept the Bible as the literal word of God and believe that the United States Constitution was divinely inspired.

Barry Goldwater said at the time that it was impossible to give Evan any advice becasue he had an 800 line direct to God. Mecham, like most faithful who pray regularly, does believe he can talk to the Almighty, and he considers it heresy to make jokes about it. Additionally, Mecham knows that at least some of the opposition to him has been because of his Mormon religion, which is shared by about 15 per cent of Arizona's population.

His followers also include many non-religious blue-collar workers, farmers, and small-business owners, especially in the rural areas. The non-drinking Mecham even has some support among the anti-establishment beer-bar crowds. And he is liked, if not admired, in Arizona's numerous retirement communities, whose voters tend to support any politician who promises not to increase taxes.

Mecham supporters have now formed a tenuous coalition with the remnants of Pat Robertson's 1988 Arizona campaign organization. Their combined strength has, in the past six months, captured a dozen additional seats in the state legislature, a clear majority of the Republican precinct-committee positions, and control of the hierarchy of all county, district, and state units of the Arizona GOP.

Zane Smith, 25, worked on Barry Goldwater's last campaign, then went on to be a Young Republican National Committeeman. He is given credit, even by his detractors, for a masterly organizational effort in Arizona last year on behalf of Pat Robertson. "Some say we are right wing," Smith says, "but I challenge them to find where my views are out of touch with the Republican Party platform." As for Arizona's best-known conservative, Smith says, "Barry Goldwater has moved on the political spectrum. Not us."

The Robertson people are more sophisticated politically, generally more affluent, and even more convinced of the righteousness of their cause than the Mecham wing. They are also more homogeneous in that almost all come from fundamentalist churches and describe themselves as born-again Christians. And that could be the time bomb in the current coalition. Among Robertson's followers, there is a whispered uneasiness about the Mormon belief that the Bible and the Book of Mormon are equal as the word of God. Conversely, the Mormons are a bit leery of the zeal with which the evangelicals approach worldly politics.

Jennifer Lawson

For now, Arizona Republicans who wanted Mecham removed from office have been standing in gape-jawed confusion, waiting for a leader to emerge to restore the traditional direction of the party. They now use the term "moderate Goldwater Republicans" as a method of distinguishing themselves from those who have not only taken over the party hierarchy but also the label "conservative."

Joe Lane is a frequent speaker at political gatherings where "some people will tear your head off if you say anything against the Christian resolution. They look at me like I am not a Christian and that I am some kind of Communist. But we don't gain one damn additional vote by passing resolutions like this and we lose a trainload. If we can't gain votes, we ought to keep our mouths shut."

Kit Mehrtens, Arizona's Republican National Committeewoman, is angry about Mecham's continuing political activism. "If there are more than two in the primary, Mr. Mecham will walk away with it," she said. "This will kill us for the governorship because there is no way he can win a general election. It's obvious to me that Mr. Mecham doesn't give a damn about the Republican Party."

The fear is that another Mecham controversy will give not only the governor's office but possibly the legislature as well to the Democrats. This would mean Democratic control of reapportionment in one of the most Republican states in the nation following the 1990 census, when Arizona will gain two or three more seats in Congress. It will take decades to get things back to normal. If ever.

MECHAM HAD NOTHING in his background that prepared him to be the chief constitutional officer of a state. Like a dog who chased cars for years, but did not know what to do when his teeth were finally sunk into a tire, he never realized that what gets politicians into office is frequently not the same thing as what keeps them there. He never quit campaigning, instead relishing television interviews, press conferences, and radio talk shows, oblivious to the dangers of overexposure. In addition, he had a very short attention span when quietly working on state issues. For example, during the impeachment process, Mecham once closed the door to his office and told his secretary he would be studying the state budget and did not want to be disturbed. Within ten minutes, he had called a radio talk show and was complaining over the air about the legislature.

In September 1987, eight months into his turbulent administration, I was recruited to replace Governor Mecham's press secretary. At the time, as a freshman governor, he was generating more national news coverage than the other 49 governors combined. Republican leaders were very blunt in their advice to me: "Just get Mecham to keep his mouth shut." Moderate Republicans are still trying to keep him quiet. They don't know how to prevent him from running for governor again, but they fear he will destroy the party in the process.

As for Mecham, he loves the fight. It's the winning he doesn't know how to handle. □

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LIES, DAMNED LIES, AND STATISTICS

Feminism has achieved sacred-cow status, its claims on everything from how hard women work to how men treat them largely immune from criticism. But close scrutiny reveals serious flaws in

THE MYTHS OF FEMINISM

NICHOLAS DAVIDSON

OVER THE past twenty years, feminism has successfully ensconced itself as the national philosophy of gender. In consequence, economic and cultural warfare against traditional sex roles virtually defines gender policy today. This onslaught is furthered by a series of false beliefs, which can be described as the "myths of feminism." Politically, five of these myths stand out:

Myth #1: "Most women are now working." So the mainstream media have regularly informed us for several years. Often they give a specific figure, overwhelming in its bland finality: the Department of Labor (DOL) reports that 57.6 per cent of women with children under the age of 18 are now working (1986 data). But the category, on examination, turns out to be so broadly drawn that scarcely any woman can escape it. (My remarks on this subject are indebted to the excellent analysis by Cheri Loveless in *What's a Smart Woman like You Doing at Home?*) Of the 57.6 per cent of "working mothers," some are working part time only, leaving an actual residue of 41.2 per cent who work full time. The DOL also classifies as "working mothers" women on maternity leave, as many as 40 per cent of whom elect not to return to work after their children are born; mothers who work from their homes; mothers who help out with a family business or farm; mothers with flexible hours (such as some airline schedules that involve only two days of intensive flying per week); and mothers who babysit the children of other mothers. Millions of American housewives would be astonished to learn that the government classifies them as "working women."

A subsidiary myth is that most women *want* to work. This is critical, because if most women want to work, who could in good conscience fail to support their aspiration? In reality, nine out of ten American women consistently report that they do *not* desire full-time employment outside the home.

Myth #2: "There is a day-care crisis." The myths that "most women are now working" and that "most women want to work" fuel the myth of "the day-care crisis," for if most women are working, who will mind the kids? The myth of the day-care crisis also rests on the myth that "day care is at least as good as home care." In fact, numerous reports in the medical literature indicate that children in day care have higher rates of respiratory, gastrointestinal, and other illnesses, including giardiasis, bacterial meningitis, cytomegalovirus, hepatitis A, cryptosporidiosis, and rotavirus.

In addition, study after study has shown that children in day care exhibit higher levels of aggression than home-reared kids. This is especially alarming in light of a major long-range study, recently reported in *Child Development*, which demonstrates that high levels of childhood aggression correlate strongly with emotional difficulties later in life.

Myth #3: "The divorce revolution means that women have to work." After all, what is a woman to do when her husband deserts her, running away from a faithful wife of many years to shack up with a twenty-year-old blonde who just finished modeling for *Playboy*? While such a man does indeed deserve our condemnation, he is a statistical rarity, for *more than 70 per cent of divorces of couples with children under 18 are instigated by the wife.*

Thus, if we wish actually to reduce the incidence of divorce, we must concentrate on making divorce less attractive to women. Even if men were entirely prevented from initiating divorces, the divorce epidemic would continue to rage.

At this point, the denizen of Feminist America retorts: "Well, if women are leaving men, it must be because they deserve it." This leads us to:

Myth #4: "There is an epidemic of male family violence." According to R. L. McNeely, a professor of social work at the University of Wisconsin, reports on domestic violence frequently rely on studies of clinical populations, composed of women in shelters, rather than on survey studies that examine the general population. As a result, such reports inevitably overstate the relative incidence and severity of male-instigated violence.

A number of studies based on the general population indicate that women commit roughly as many assaults against spouses as men do. Women apparently make up for their lesser physical strength by using weapons more often. (There it is: culture can overcome biology.) Males commit 52 per cent of spousal killings, females 48 per

Mr. Davidson is the author of The Failure of Feminism *(Prometheus, 1988) and the editor of an anthology,* Gender Sanity: The Case against Feminism, *just out from University Press of America.*

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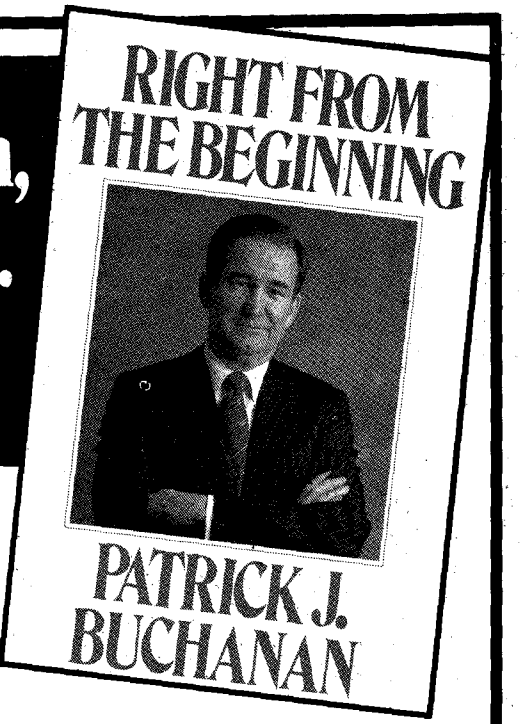

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cent—a ratio that has held constant for the past fifty years.

In general, the grim facts of domestic violence do not support the contention that females are its especial victims, or males its especial perpetrators. Women commit two-thirds of child abuse. Boys are twice as likely to be abused as girls. A majority of the perpetrators of infanticide are female. *Most* child abuse is committed in households headed by a single female. Statistically speaking, a child's best protection against abuse is the presence in the home of its biological father.

Men are, of course, typically far more aggressive and stronger than women. But violence by men is typically directed against other men. Within the home, male protectiveness and chivalry—obnoxious to feminists—appear largely to cancel men's violent propensities relative to women's.

This is by no means to deny the existence of habitually violent men. It *is* to say that the media's focus on violence by men misrepresents the causes of domestic violence, attributing it to "patriarchy." In reality, the incidence of domestic violence (and every other social pathology) is lowest in intact traditional families where the husband is clearly regarded as the head of the household.

But all of the foregoing pale into insignificance beside the crowning myth, the Big Lie that holds the whole structure together in the public's mind:

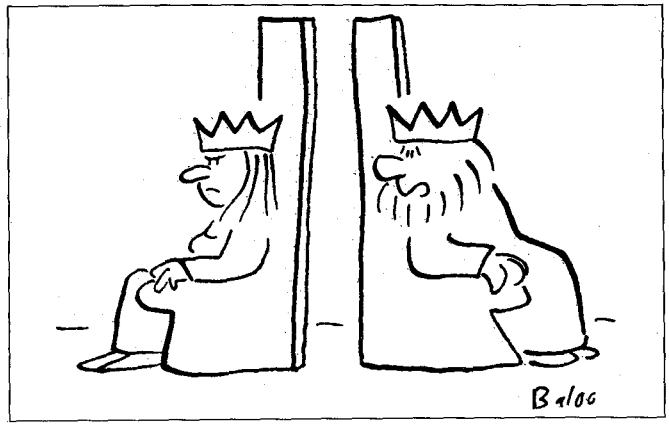
Myth #5: "Women suffer from economic discrimination." In the standard version of this myth, it is asserted that "women only make 59 cents on the dollar to men." This figure dates back to the mid Seventies and, though entirely outdated, is endlessly repeated like a holy mantra. A more recent figure, released by the Census Bureau in the spring of 1988, is seventy cents on the dollar.

In fact, without realizing it, feminists have always maintained that men work harder than women in the job market, and so they should *expect* men to earn more. For the one benefit that they have always promised men is relief from the stressful, grinding world of work which, as feminists have often emphasized, encourages ulcers, high blood pressure, clogged arteries, and cancer, with the result that men die on average eight years younger than women. Thus feminists tacitly admit that men work harder than women. Such being the case, it would be incredible if (in a free society) they did not also earn more.

But the myth of economic discrimination against women suffers from even more serious problems than this. The 59-cent myth, says Warren Farrell, author of a forthcoming book, *The Ten Greatest Myths about Men*, "is what I call an 'outcome statistic.' Another example of an outcome statistic is that black mothers with young children earn one dollar for each 59 cents that white mothers with young children earn.

"Before we can determine whether or not someone is discriminated against, we have to look at 13 major variables. One of the things that we find, for example, is that the full-time working woman works an average of eight fewer hours per week than the full-time working man. And that's just *one* of 13 variables that operate in the same direction. So to compare a full-time working woman to a full-time working man, without comparing the amount of education a person has, the amount of training in the workplace, the number of hours worked, and the number of weeks per year worked, is a *very* inaccurate comparison."

As Michael Levin points out in *Feminism and Freedom*, single women whose educational and work-history patterns resemble single men's earn similar amounts of money to such men—varying, depending on age bracket, from 93 per cent to 106 per cent of what men make. The main reason men make more than women *on average* is that, as George Gilder shows in *Men and Marriage*, married men utilize their "earnings capacity" to a greater degree than any other category of the population, while married women use it the *least* of any category. In short: If it's true that most women prefer to stay home and to raise their own children, as surveys clearly indicate they do, then we should *expect* that men will, on average, earn more than women. So far from being something to be embarrassed about, this wage gap is evidence of freedom. Conversely, the rapid shrinkage of the wage gap from 41 per cent to 30 per cent since the mid Seventies is presumptive evidence of coercion and discrimination.



"Still mad?"

THE FORMS that the myths of feminism take are not arbitrary. They have in common the assault on structure and authority that underlies leftism in its various guises.

The myth of male family violence delegitimates the primary representative of authority in the family. The myth of the day-care crisis suggests that women's family roles are unnecessary and obsolescent. The myth that most women are working seeks to persuade politicians that they will antagonize female voters if they oppose feminist programs. The myth of economic discrimination legitimates a whole bevy of socially corrosive actions: the discriminatory taxation of traditional families, "affirmative action," "comparable worth," the forced integration of private men's organizations, and the trend toward compulsory "anti-sexist" education.

Too often in the past, the Right has reduced itself to being the handmaiden of the Left's initiatives, accepting "change" as inevitable, and viewing its own task as merely to usher in that "inevitable" change as painlessly as possible. Instead of merely resisting this ongoing onslaught, let alone yielding to it, the Right should start to develop and aggressively promote its own agenda on these issues, centering on the restoration of paternal authority, the discouragement of single motherhood, and the revalidation of sex distinctions in all areas of life where they are necessary and beneficial. □

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HAVING IT ALL: UNCRITICAL CRITICS IN TODAY'S ART WORLD

JAMES GARDNER

IN THE COURSE of covering the New York art scene, I recently met a man who believes that Peter Paul Rubens was the Son of God. According to this man, a successful television psychic, Jesus Christ returned to earth anno Domini 1577 and chose the body of the new-born Rubens as His earthly tenement. An incident of this magnitude ought to have provoked comment at the time, and it would have done so, the psychic contends, but for a massive cover-up on the part of the Church hierarchy. It would be tedious to describe how he arrived at this startling conclusion. Let it suffice to say that, initially impressed by the similarity between Rubens's self-portraits and his depictions of Christ, the psychic is confident that both will start oozing blood before the year is out.

Like much of art criticism these days, this theory suffers from an almost irrepressible credulity. Now, by his own admission, the gentleman in question is not interested in art and knows nothing about it. But there is no reason to suppose that his ratiocinative skills fall noticeably below those of many of our professed art cognoscenti, or that his opinions are substantially sillier than much of what one reads (or does not read) in the major art journals of our day. Ultimately, what brings him into conformity with contemporary art criticism is the peculiar nature of his methodology, which amounts to an unusually vigorous will to believe. This will to believe precedes the belief itself, as the belief precedes the proof. As if through hypnotic suggestion, the conviction is implanted in the brain, and the justification follows quickly and effortlessly.

It will be argued that this can be said with equal justice of most other critical, and indeed intellectual, prepossessions of the present moment. And it is surely true that art criticism, with its taste for "vulgar" Marxism, deconstruction, and all the rest, is but one reflection of a larger, homogeneous contemporary culture. But to dismiss it in this way, as is usually done even by those enlightened enough to disapprove, is to obscure what distinguishes art criticism from all other critical activities.

Of all forms of criticism, the criticism of art is the most crucial to the existence and vitality of its subject. Even without movie reviews, the film industry could probably thrive through publicity and word of mouth alone. Most books that are read by most people would continue to be read, and most concerts and recordings would continue to be patronized, even if the critical act were abolished from those precincts once for all. But conceive of today's art world if, through the imperial edict of some World Congress, art critics were silenced for the space of one human generation. The entire art world would presently descend into a nocturnal chaos of primordial, Ovidian conflict, in which a million anonyms moiled in almost total obscurity. There would still be galleries and group exhibitions, stylistic schools would form and battles would be fought—but all in silence. The larger world would know nothing of these tremors, and collectors, guided only by their erring instincts, either would fix their support on those artists popular before the Edict, or would endorse a scattered, ill-defined complex of artistic practices that could never coalesce into a few competing and complementary trends such as now characterize the art market.

AND YET, a paradox is immediately evident. As important as the critic is to the vitality of the art world, his direct influence on art is all but non-existent, and such influence as he is apt to have merely consists in obediently ratifying the Zeitgeist. He is to the art world as a megaphone is to a demagogue. He has been reduced to a role of ceremonious consenting. By an extension of this paradox, critics in other cultural realms, though less essential to the survival of their subject, can yet have a far more immediate and impressive impact. A pan by the drama critic of the *New York Times* can close a multi-million-dollar musical even before it reaches Broadway. A book critic can drastically reduce the sales of a new novel with a well-placed bad review. A film critic can turn people away from the box offices, and an opera critic can kill a singing career in the bud. A bad review from an art critic, if such a thing existed, would merely cause its author to be labeled a crank, while blessing its victim with scandal, catapulting him to unwarranted fame. The only weapon in the critic's Lilliputian arsenal is his silence, and silence pays poorly. All things considered, it is easiest simply to praise.

To understand how such an absurd state of affairs could have come about, it will help to consider for a moment the history of art criticism as we now know it. Like all criticism, it emerged in the eighteenth century within the context of an ascendant bourgeois culture. Culture, it is

James Gardner writes frequently on the arts for Arts Magazine, Commentary, *and* NR.

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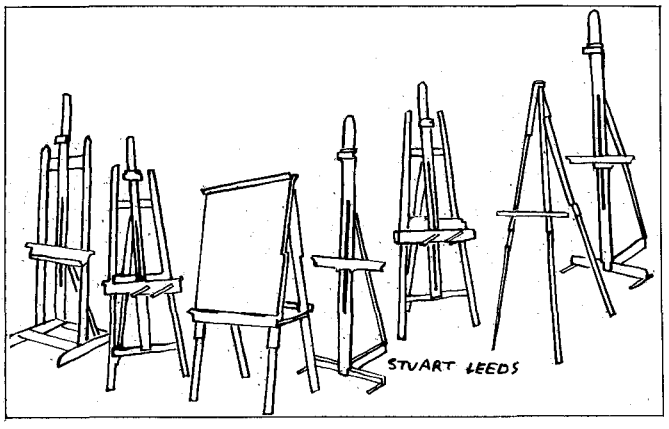
fair to say, had become a commodity for which there were more buyers and, consequently, more sellers. Yet the very premise of this new culture was a bourgeoisie that acquired its purchasing power through hard work, ruling out the exquisite leisure of earlier patronage. The buyer of art, his life consumed in getting and spending, could no longer hope to be the most knowledgeable person about art. He now needed help in knowing what to look at and what to buy. Writing in a new kind of medium, the periodical, which was bought and sold on the streets, the critic devoted his life to providing the expertise that had passed out of the capacity of the general art-lover.

In its genesis, then, art criticism was much like other forms of criticism. But it soon parted company with them. For bourgeois culture, which exercised so salutary an influence on the novel and the opera, initially had no very benign effect on art. Precisely at the moment when the middle class became the foremost patrons, the art they endorsed and patronized, based on the Old Masters, was losing its energies and its reason for being. It would take more than two generations before people started to realize this, and this realization came in the revolt of the Modernists. But the success of these artists would have been inconceivable without those art critics who, by attacking the enfeebled older order, heroically won the day for the art that was then being born. In the process, these critics dramatically justified their own existence and assured themselves a permanent place in the life of culture.

The sort of writing that these Modernist critics turned out, and that the critics of the opposing camp turned out in reaction against them, was quite remarkably different, in tone and substance, from what our own critics have done. Here is Dumas *fils*, apparently an anti-Modernist, with his unforgettable description of Courbet: "From what fabulous meeting of a slug and a peacock, from what genital antitheses, from what fatty oozings can have been generated this thing called M. Gustave Courbet? Under what gardener's cloche, with the help of what manure, as a mixture of what wine, beer, corrosive mucus, and flatulent swellings can have grown this sonorous and hairy pumpkin, this aesthetic belly, this imbecilic and impotent incarnation of the Self?"

From the other side, Joris-Karl Huysmans, in summing up the entire French art establishment as represented in the Salon of 1880, threw up his hands in evocative despair: "Within this immense chaos of canvases, I shall pass over the new boys. What's the use, ultimately, of taking stock of these millions of pupils, each of them doggedly returning to the same old worn-out formulae, the same routines, that have anchored themselves in our artists' brains from father to son, from teacher to pupil, down through the centuries? Alas, this time mediocrity labors with greater rage than ever before!"



In the end, of course, Huysmans and subsequent Modernists won the day. Two features of their critical assault, which lasted up until the middle years of this century, are essential to understanding art criticism at the present time. First, because the art that was being championed, which was also great art, was so obstreperously new, Newness in itself, the Rejection of the Old, came to seem an heroic virtue, whatever form it might happen to take (including Post-Modernism's phony classicism). Second, because this great art was highly individualistic and unprecedented, the usual criteria fell into abeyance; and critics, fearing to seem out of sympathy with the newest thing, acquired the habit of abstaining from judgment altogether—or, more precisely, of looking favorably on everything that comes along.

BUT TO PARAPHRASE Marx's oft-quoted aphorism, all great historical facts occur twice: the first time as drama, the second time as farce. The artists and critics of Modernism wrote the drama, and we are now living out the farce. Artists and critics and dealers, however much they now claim to disavow the Modernist heritage, are pleased to believe that they are carrying on the revolution. I shall not repeat the litany of grievances against contemporary art, for they are well known. And I shall also say, in extenuation of what is now being done, that the greater portion of artistic practice in most periods has been mediocre or bad, although perhaps not quite as bad as this. It is also well known, though not well known enough, that contemporary artists, the pampered darlings of the leisure classes, make their living by going through the motions of a purely factitious rebellion. What still needs to be defined is the role that the critic plays in this farce, even if he is relegated to the wings.

Actually, he has a choice of two roles to play. Corresponding to the first feature of Modernism, its revolutionary newness, the critic can see himself as the heroic champion of some startlingly new artist or school, which he alone is saving from the clutches of an entirely imaginary opposition. Or, corresponding to the second feature, he can perceive himself as standing serenely above the fray, inspecting all art, old and new, and then, after much soul-searching, finding all art, new and old, to be ultimately grand.

The critic of the first sort will tell you that everything is wrong with the world, and that much is wrong with art. And yet there are some few inspired souls whom, by singular good fortune, he happens to know personally, and who are stretching the boundaries of art through performance, self-mutilation, and other practices that have lately proved far more remunerative than their inventors appear to have intended. But they have powerful enemies: the male, the pale, and the psychotically right-handed. Who will speak for them? Ah, he, the critic, will! Indeed he must, no matter how many CIA agents, alerted by the latest issue of *Artforum*, molest his passage to and from his place of dwelling. He takes his message to the people by writing long articles for publications like *Arts Maga-*

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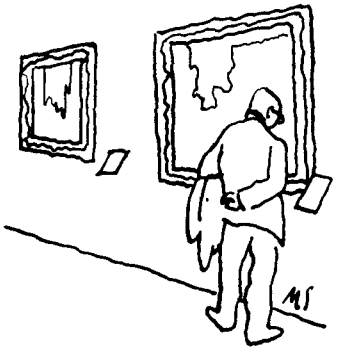
zine, *Art in America*, *Artscribe*, and *FlashArt*, which not even he will have the patience to read through. What is important, ultimately, is that these articles are furnished with full-color illustrations, and that they represent several yards of prose.

In a recent issue of *Artforum*, the photographer and critic Barbara Kruger, ostensibly writing of television's pervasive influence on art and life, manages to take up space in the following impressive way: "Fixed by its relentless delivery of doubtless declarations, we are touched by its untouchability and untouched by what we thought we touched. Its constant confusions have the velocity of an oral high colonic of such proportions that we are drenched in its residue of chattering waste and flatulent candor." Or, in a passage chosen more or less at random from *The Post-Modern Scene* (1986), the authors, Arthur Kroker and David Cook, have this to say (with approval, incidentally) of a typical work by Eric Fischl: "[It] expresses perfectly the pestilential spirit of postmodern culture and society. The painting exists at the edge of ecstasy and decay where the consumer culture of the passive nihilists does a reversal and in a catastrophic implosion flips into its opposite number—the suicidal nihilism of excremental culture."



And what is the sum of all the agitation generated by a critic of this sort? Those artists whom he mentions will gleefully list him in the bibliography of their next catalogue, while their dealers will accordingly hike the prices, which the collectors will gladly pay, impressed that the artists are important enough to be mentioned in long articles and books. This is yet one more twist in the paradox of art criticism: that art critics are generally paid very little (which is not the same thing as saying that they are underpaid); yet they are absolutely essential to the profits of the dealers and their stable of artists.

The other actor in the farce is, by contrast, altogether too happy. Great men, he contends, are still among us, rising in foison out of the inner cities of the Northeast and the accredited institutions of the West. Writing for the *New York Times* and other publications that reach a larger audience, he subscribes to the doctrine that "Whatever is, is right." He is troubled only by that stubborn clause in the nature of things that presumes to dictate that *A* cannot equal not-*A*. Rebelling against this, he is apt to praise, on the same page, both the cloyingly official portraiture of the National Academy of Design and Josef Beuys's excrementitious interlardings of felt and animal fat. At this point, it would be extremely difficult to conceive of any work of art that could fall below the standards of the *New York Times*. It may be that the critics of the *Times* do occasionally dislike things, though we shall never know for sure. It is more probable that, through the hypnotic suggestibility I referred to earlier, the moment anything strikes them unfavorably, these happy men and women conclude that it does not merit their discussion. Alternatively, they can single out the subversive element, label it "disturbing," and thus turn it into a positive virtue.

One would like to cite examples, and yet how does one catch a writer in the act of mediocrity, of terminal, entropic chinlessness? Suffice it to say that in a recent Weekend section of the *New York Times*, 18 exhibitions were reviewed, all of them favorably. What is the typical tone of the *Times* critic—and, by extension, of almost every other newspaper critic now alive? In asking the reader to consider the concluding sentences of three of those reviews, I shall give neither names nor contexts, since (believe me) it makes no difference. I shall only ask the reader to savor the artificially cultivated "consideredness," the supportive, Pollyannaish understated-surprise-mingled-with-delight: "The magic of the piece resides as much in subtle irregularities of color and shape, placement and assembly, as in the central predicament. Like everything else in the show, it has a paradoxical elegance." Or this: "It is the kind of magical, disconcerting sculpture that undoes vision and logic, pointing toward forces inside and outside us that we barely understand." Or this: "Ms. Bowling reveals herself to be an impressive technician who can paint landscapes full of expectancy, quietude, and mystery." Now compare all that with what the *Times*'s food critic, the incomparable Bryan Miller, writes in the same Weekend section about the Oak Room at the Algonquin: "As for the food, it would have been faster to walk to [the supermarket], buy lettuce, rinse it in the bathroom sink, mash the anchovies with the dull end of a pen, and grate the Parmesan against a table leg than get a Caesar Salad ($11.50) on a busy weekday." That, I contend, is how all art criticism should sound.

Ultimately, the first type of critic is far less corrosive of the life of culture than the second. Every age and every generation has had its stupid and irrelevant doctrines, which have been taken seriously for a time, until Fashion, the Empress of All, turned away in bored disgust. Every age, it seems, must have its window dressing, its store of superfluous intelligence, whose doctrines and language, once they have lost their currency, seem distasteful to the next generation, and deliciously "period" to the one after that. The present talk about texts, codes, and appropriation is only a little more idiotic than Giorgio Vasari's maunder about *disegno* and *colorito*, or Joshua Reynolds's search for sentiment and the sublime, or Charles Baudelaire's hankering after the Absolute, or Clement Greenberg's pursuit of pure painting. The difference consists in this: that those earlier theories were based upon, and occasionally inspired, great works of art, while the most recent of vanguard critics cannot hope to accomplish anything of the sort, and perhaps would not even want to.

The second sort of critic, in abdicating his sacred duty to pass responsible judgment, is really the principal culprit. In *Auto-Critique: Essays on Art and Anti-Art* (1987), Barbara Rose says very well that "the act of criticism is the value judgment. The rest is art writing." It is the most recent form of abdication, which praises everything in greater or lesser degrees of perfervidity, that has brought into being the Post-Modern world. Though the sequence of cause and consequence is complex, it is fair to assume that a more energetic opposition from the corps of critics would have prevented the present confusion. Nowadays, the irrelevance of the critic's opinion is understood so implicitly that artists labor to please only their dealers, who in turn wish to please their clients, who, by a singular

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perversion, just want the artists to like them. Without the criterion of excellence, and the feverish pursuit of it, the entire art world becomes as exciting as moving chess pieces over a blank surface. It is a game of tennis in which the net has been removed and the white lines ripped up, in which the umpires have been shot and the players, when they are not colluding, are determined to cheat. The spectators believe that they are admiring the skill with which the players play the game, but in fact, if they were honest with themselves, they would see that their interest could not possibly find any purchase in such a sport as this. It is rather the manifold circumstantial details that have arrested their attention: the price of the tickets, the celebrity and good looks of the competitors, how much each of them stands to win, what the other spectators are wearing, the excellence of the wine and cheese.

In such circumstances as these, it would seem difficult to feel optimistic. And yet this is not out of the question. All it would take would be a shift in the winds of fashion, a mounting critical intolerance of what should never have been endured in the first place, and then, quite possibly, everything would change. If more art critics could, like Robert Hughes and Roberta Smith, see themselves as the judges, rather than as the friends and craven accomplices of artists and dealers; if more art periodicals would, like *Modern Painters*, *The New Criterion*, and *The Journal of Art*, see themselves as something other than toadying trade publications; if all artists and dealers, on the day after an opening, awaited the morning papers with the same trepidation that dramatists, singers, and restaurateurs have always known, then the entire art world could still be redeemed. □

VIRTUE REWARDED

J. O. Tate

Difficulties with Girls, by Kingsley Amis (Summit, 276 pp., $18.95)

SINCE THERE ARE all kinds of girls—not all of them female—there can be all kinds of difficulties with girls. Kingsley Amis knows all about them, and he's willing and able to tell you.

That rakish fellow Patrick Standish had difficulties with girls, including Jenny Bunn, whom he deflowered, impregnated, and committed to marry in *Take a Girl like You* (1960). He declared then, "I'll be altogether different." But now we see, nearly thirty years later for us though only seven or so fictional years for him, that Patrick did not become altogether different after all. When he isn't ogling women, he's picking up copies of *Titter* and *Twosome* to eyeball. Patrick's headed for trouble; Jenny knows what he's up to. So in *Difficulties with Girls*, these two continue in their own version of the dialectic of the sexes.

Like many another, Patrick is a bit of a fool. Even he sees the pointlessness and boredom of his dalliance with Mrs. Porter-King. Mrs. Porter-King is so awful that Patrick has to ask her three times if she is an American. That's hardly the basis for a serious relationship, anyone would agree.

But Patrick's womanizing is only an obvious difficulty with girls. Another character, Eric, has serious and even violent difficulties with Stevie, otherwise known as Steve. Tim has also had some difficulties, so he believes the psychiatrist who tells him he's a latent homosexual. Graham, remembered like Patrick and Jenny from 1960, has difficulties with his wife, but he seems to know where he stands: "From time to time . . . my wife accuses me of thinking her boring. It doesn't seem to have occurred to her that this might be because she's boring. . . . To her mind, her being boring is a thing I do."

These examples, however, do not exhaust all the difficulties, nor are difficulties the exclusive concern of this novel. Amis's satirical shafts find their marks in the broader world of cultural decay, neo-Marxist "poets," trendy publishers, and much of the Sixties scene in swinging London. Amis has here skewered enough targets to qualify *Difficulties with Girls* as a regular shish kebab of a book.

Personally, I have always relished Amis's books for their idiosyncratic passages, their unique expressions. Staring into these hypnotic episodes, we tend to forget who we are or what we are reading. The "making strange," or *ostranenie*, is so strong that it creates a world of its own. Notice, for instance, how the following passage does *not* say, There was a guy named Cyril wearing a vest: "Over his very white shirt he wore a waistcoat-shaped woollen garment of a tan-and-yellow pattern too awful for the thing not to have been specially knitted by somebody close to him, assuming there to be any such person. He had been heard to answer to the name of Cyril." Such verbal powers can be put to higher uses, too. We can see the reification of a cliché—"sexual politics"—when Patrick realizes how much nonsense he has to listen to just in order to get through the process of fornicating with Mrs. Porter-King:

> Experience had brought him to see that this kind of thing was nothing more than the levying of cock-tax, was reasonable and normal, in fact, even though some other parts of experience strongly suggested that what he had shelled out so far was only a down-payment. There was also a touch of your cosmetic element at work, representing this afternoon's doings as something more than a short-notice bash with the next-door neighbor. He had come across that kind of thing before too, and had likened it in the past to the proclamations of a dictator, full of talk about ethnic integrity and his historic mission, when all he wanted was to seize the industry and mineral wealth of some helpless, peaceable neighboring state.

Such sheer verbal ability, the power to create through words a vision that leaves "humor" and "wit" behind, has its price. Amis's imposing abilities as a satirist and his skills as an entertainer have sometimes disguised his probity as a moralist. No matter how much he makes us laugh, after all, Amis is a serious man. He shows us the foolhardiness of folly as a *negative example*—which makes him a traditional writer in a way that is as rare today as it is remarkable.

Amis knows that this quality has

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John Wauck is a contributing editor at The Human Life Review.

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not always been so rare. I think this is why he has Jenny herself, in a revelatory moment, pull out her copy of *Tom Jones* and quote from it to Patrick. We are reminded of the homage to Fielding rendered in a scene at that author's tomb in Amis's *I Like It Here* (1958). By extension, the mention of Elizabeth Taylor, the celebrity, is not to be confused with two citations of Elizabeth Taylor, the late novelist, to whom, also, Amis tipped his hat in *I Like It Here*.

Difficulties with Girls treats mod London as Amis did in *Girl, 20* (1971), and deals with a married man's philandering as he did in *That Uncertain Feeling* (1955). His latest novel shows no signs of slackening of his familiar powers. We badly need Kingsley Amis to make us laugh, so that we are braced and ready to receive a painful truth from him. Somehow, through her good sense and good will, Jenny withstands the stresses her husband puts on her; and he comes to value her for what she's worth. That doesn't make everything easy to bear, though: "What's done cannot be undone. For years she had thought that was meant to cheer you up after something bad had happened, to encourage you to get on with your life, the same as saying there was no use crying over spilt milk. But since then she had come to the conclusion that it was actually about as sad as anything you could say." □

THE OBSERVER OBSERVED

Richard Vigilante

Self-Consciousness: Memoirs, by John Updike (Knopf, 257 pp., $18.95)

IN "On Not Being a Dove," the best of the six autobiographical essays in *Self-Consciousness*, John Updike explains his discontent with the superficial pacifism of anti-Vietnam protestors: "To say that war is madness is like saying that sex is madness: true enough from the standpoint of a stateless eunuch, but merely a provocative epigram for those who must make their arrangements in the world as given."

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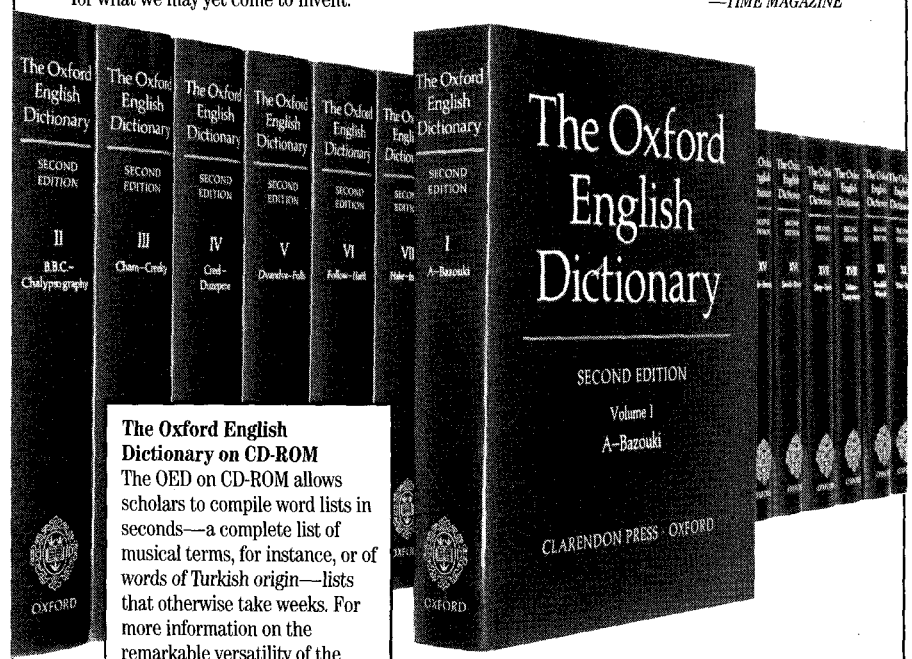

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More May Titles: Though the highlight of the current revival of interest in T. E. Lawrence has been the re-release of David Lean's magnificent *Lawrence of Arabia*, of note also is *T. E. Lawrence: The Selected Letters* (Norton, $27.50), edited by Malcolm Brown. Including previously unavailable correspondence with E. M. Forster, Noël Coward, and Ezra Pound, the collection offers fresh insights into Lawrence's role in World War I, his sexuality, and his state of mind in the weeks prior to his death, at age 47, in 1935. . . . Like Lawrence, George Orwell died young, and like him has since undergone a kind of cultural canonization. In *The Politics of Literary Reputation: The Making and Claiming of "St. George" Orwell* (Oxford, $27.95), John Rodden investigates the claims made on and for this socialist anti-Communist by such literary critics of the Left and the Right as Irving Howe, V. S. Pritchett, Norman Podhoretz, and Lionel Trilling.

If not quite the equal of *The Protestant Establishment* (1964), E. Digby Baltzell's classic study of the American WASP, *Crashing the Gates: The De-WASPing of America's Power Elite* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by Robert C. Christopher, is a useful supplement, tracing the fall of the WASP from his place at the top of the American social pyramid. . . . *The Vanderbilt Era: Profiles of a Gilded Age* (Scribner's, $19.95), by the lawyer and novelist Louis Auchincloss, is a lively social history documenting the rise and decline of another class of elite Americans: the self-made businessmen and their families—Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds—who, between 1880 and 1920, inspired the Belle Epoque of American history.

☐ Coming in June: *Voices from the Third Reich: An Oral History* (Regnery Gateway, $24.95), edited by Johannes Steinhoff et al., collects the testimony of 157 Germans who lived under Hitler, and offers documentary evidence challenging some common assumptions: for example, that most Germans at the time were conscious of the crimes committed by their government and today suffer guilt for their inaction. —DK

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must make their arrangements in the world as given" the "silent majority." That phrase was one of his most effective political tools. A large portion of the American people recognized themselves in those words and responded powerfully to having been so well understood. Their support buoyed up his Administration through just the sort of twilight struggle a democracy is not supposed to be able to sustain. Long after it had become clear the war could not be won, they backed the government in the enervating task of shedding just enough more blood to win an acceptable peace. It was almost worth it. But for Watergate, Nixon might have held the North Vietnamese to the deal.

The silent majority were not witless enthusiasts for the war. They were, I always thought, people who prided themselves on not thinking they were any smarter than they were, or than Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon was—on not being "wiseguys," which is just what the peace movement seemed to be full of. They were realists in Jacques Maritain's sense of the word: people who do not believe that it is impossible to find the truth, but have learned that it is quite difficult, and prize humility, and piety, accordingly.

Self-Consciousness is largely about being an elegant, fashionable, adequately modernist, Harvard-educated author, a peer of the literary establishment, and still a member of the silent majority.

"Who elected you?" say children in a schoolyard when one of their number seems a little too willing to explain how things should be done. Updike feels much the same way about the protestors: "One source of my sense of grievance was that I hadn't voted for any of its figures—not for Abbie Hoffman, or Father Daniel Berrigan, or Reverend William Sloane Coffin, or Jonathan Schell, or Lillian Hellman, or Joan Baez, or Jane Fonda, or Jerry Rubin, or Dr. Spock, or Eugene McCarthy. I had voted for Lyndon Johnson, and thus had earned my American right not to make a political decision for another four years." This last line sounds a little cynical and self-deprecating and thereby very Updike. But there is conviction behind the cynicism. Good citizens, like good Christians, practice acceptance, not only because humility is good but because it clears our vision.

> If [Johnson] and his advisors . . . had somehow got us into this mess, they would somehow get us out, and it was a citizen's plain duty to hold his breath and hope for the best, not parade around spouting pious unction and crocodile tears. Vietnam seemed to me a tight place we had got into and must close our eyes to squeeze through . . .
>
> The Vietnam War or any war was "wrong" but in the sense that existence is wrong. To be alive is to be a killer. . . . Peace is not something we are entitled to, but an illusory respite we earn. . . . A dark Augustinian idea lurked within my tangled position: a plea that Vietnam . . . could not be disowned by a favored enlightened few hiding behind college deferments, fleeing to chaste cool countries, snootily pouring pig blood into draft files, writing deeply offended "Notes and Comments," and otherwise pretending that . . . bloody hands didn't go with having hands at all. A plea in short for the doctrine of Original Sin and its obscure consolations.

Updike's fierce humility (mixed in, of course, with at least as much ambition and deceit as one generally finds in performers) makes him here as always a likable writer. He blends a lifetime of words with his cherished place in the silent majority by hanging on to his observer status with both hands. For Updike, life is very largely what happens to us: what we see, rather than what we do. This is a true thought, and its petulant denial is part of what made the peaceniks so unattractive. But this observer's passion can be taken too far.

It often has been taken too far in Updike's novels, and it is consistently destructive here. With one irredeemable exception, every essay has moving, epiphanic moments, but none of the six can be called a complete success. The book on the whole is tedious, mundane, cliché-ridden, self-obsessed, and overwritten. One hesitates to say such things about Updike; they have been said so many times before. He has—so he believably says—taken the criticisms to heart, but—as he also says here—he just cannot see what the

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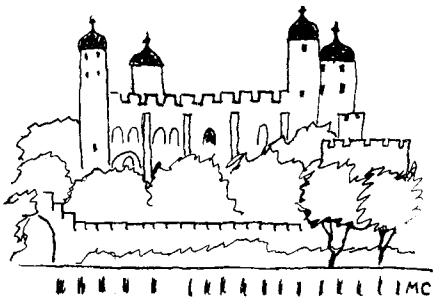
critics mean. What do they mean, I write beautifully but have nothing to say? he laments. I have "the whole mass of middling, hidden, troubled America to say." He means really that he has all of middling America to describe. Unfortunately, he also has a very imperfect sense of which are the interesting bits and an exaggerated view of how much help we need from him to see them.

The Vietnam essay is the best, in part because it is the only one premised on the author's taking an action: in this case, writing a mild endorsement of the war for an anthology of fashionable opinion on the subject. Even so, it soon veers off into obsessive self-analysis: Was my wife right that I liked Johnson because he was a schoolteacher like my father? Are my friends right that I am callous about the sufferings of others because I have never suffered myself? Not all this is off the point; the essay is about the psyche of the silent majority, not its geostrategic vision. But a great deal of it is too long, too lovingly described, and too disingenuous.



Updike's constant self-conscious self-deprecation, his way of rendering every observation a bit more diffident by displaying the array of his possible motives for making it, is repeated so often that it seems tricky or cowardly rather than insightful or self-revealing. Finally it is farcical, as when he ends the Vietnam essay with a fairly solemn 11-page description of his lifelong problems with bad teeth and frightening dentists, by way of refuting the charge that he has not known suffering.

In addition to the 11 pages on teeth he devotes an entire essay of 36 pages to his psoriasis and another only slightly shorter to his stuttering, but there are only scattered, veiled paragraphs on his divorce, which he it seems initiated and which to this day, one guesses, he thinks wrong. It seems quite reasonable, even admirable, not to write about one's divorce, but it seems unreasonable to expect readers to be more interested in one's skin.

In every essay there are long descriptive passages, beautifully written but intolerable to read, not because they are too long but because it is impossible to find a principle of selection, of artifice. There are penetrating insights to accompany the descriptions, but there are also trivialities and clichés that would not be forgiven in a college literary magazine. One gets the feeling that he just cannot hold them in, as if he were no more than an observer of his writing as well as of his life. Three pages from the end of the book, he asks parenthetically, "Can happiness simply be a matter of orange juice?" Earlier, in a passing comment about the women's movement arising with but outliving the peace movement, he announces, "Fists uplifted, women enter history. The clitoral at last rebels against the phal-

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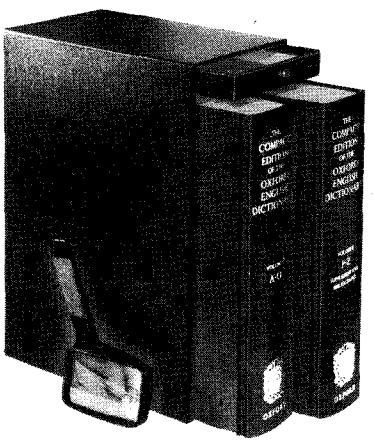

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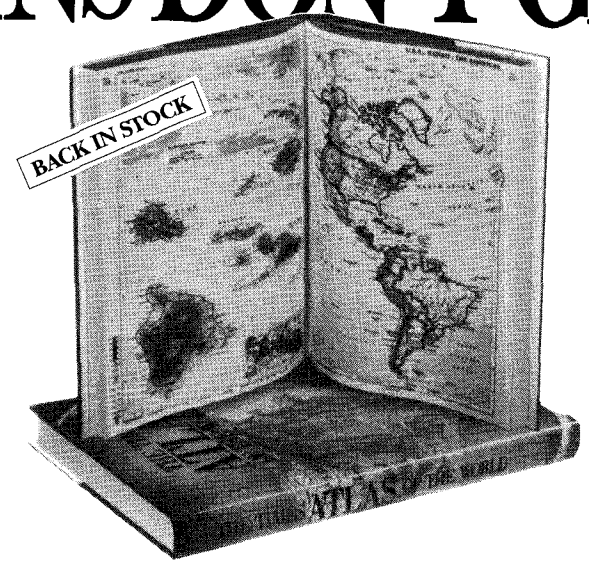

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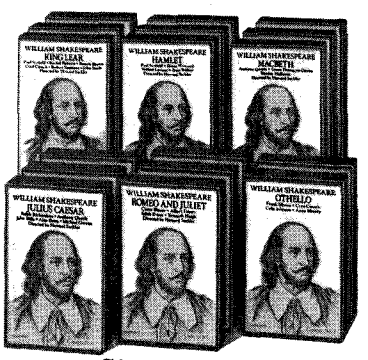

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lic"—an observation that for banality and wrongheadedness rivals any dumb pronouncement of the peaceniks. At the very least a writer who regards himself as a chronicler of Eros among the moderns might pause long enough to recall that the clitoris is not the opposite equivalent of the phallus—except in the *Playboy* philosophy, wherein the phallus is equivalent to the glans. Women have entered history only to have John Updike trivialize their erotic power because he can't slow down his typing.

In the stuttering essay, called "Getting the Words Out," he writes of taking "a lifetime to sort out, particularize, and extol with the proper dark beauty" his middling America. In the same essay he dreams of using a line from "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" ("In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea") as "the title of a magnum opus of which all my books, no matter how many, would be mere installments, mere starts at the hymning of this great rectangular country severed from Christ by the breadth of the sea."

This terrifying suggestion of an endless Updike novel is more than accidentally related to his theme of a nation cut off from Christ or any similarly authoritative truth. Once again he has a real point. The great American novel has generally been imagined as big, because writers tend to think of America as a phenomenon to be chronicled rather than an essence to be uncovered. This is almost a truism, but not nearly a truth. Updike, a Christian, should know better. But in the present work, as so often in his novels, it is impossible to find the essences beneath all the words.

Through most of his career, Updike's steady job was to write pieces for William Shawn's *New Yorker*. He had, he tells us, the greatest respect for both the magazine and Mr. Shawn, whom he regarded as a better editor than Harold Ross. They were made for each other. The interminable length of *New Yorker* journalism, the endless layering of details, the world-famous, obsessive fact-checking department staffed with its radical empiricists, the languid voice of "Talk of the Town," in which diffidence paraded as elegance and exquisiteness substituted for economy, the fiction in which no stone was left unturned but none of the people ever moved, all made the magazine the perfect home for a writer who was so dedicated to playing the unobtrusive observer that he could never shut up. □

COMMUNISTS AND LOVERS

Joseph Sobran

Paul Robeson: A Biography, by Martin Bauml Duberman (Knopf, 804 pp., $24.95)

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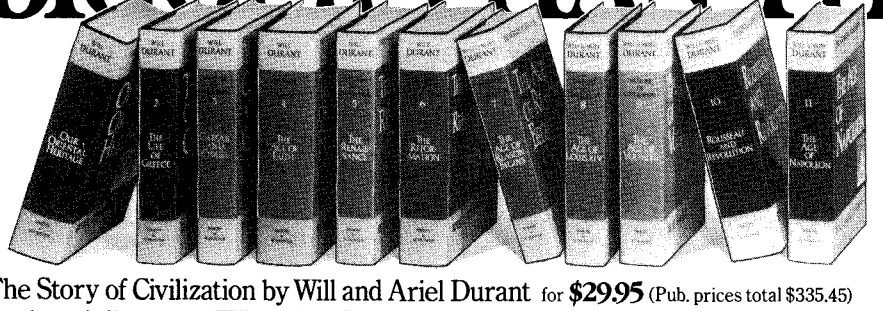

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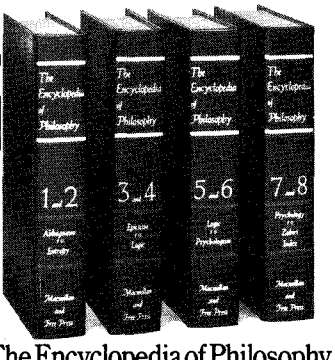

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she mocked his concern. Her contempt for the chauffeur alienated Robeson, by reminding him of the way Negroes had been treated in the South. He went back to his wife.

At least that's how Robeson told the story; and though during his life he retold it several ways, the different versions overlap enough that there was probably a kernel of truth (although the real reason the affair ended was more likely that the actress's father, whose nickname was Tiger, had "a strong aversion to people of color"). It would have been just like Paul Robeson to feel closer to the workingman than to the woman in his arms.

Robeson was an *earnest* Communist. He proved it often enough. When he went to the Soviet Union in the Thirties, he sincerely rejoiced: here, for the first time, he felt that he was regarded as a human being, not a nigger or, for that matter, a celebrity. It was a dream come true, and his intoxication with the idea of socialism maddened his social-climbing wife, Essie, who was the sort of person that craves just enough equality to serve her own turn but wouldn't want to push it much further than that. In later years, when Robeson bullheadedly defied the U.S. officials and politicians who were heaping infamy on him as a fellow-traveler, even his CP mentors tried to persuade him to tone down his glorification of the Worker's Paradise.

Robeson was, at least for a while, a simple and decent man among climbers and manipulators. They used him; some of them even used Communism. It didn't matter: he believed in the idea, regardless of how it might be abused. In 1946 the former All-American explained his loyalty to an investigating committee: "The coach tells you what to do and we do it." It was incidental that the coach was Stalin.

It all started in Princeton, New Jersey, in 1898. Robeson was born to a minister father—a former slave who instilled in him an invincible self-respect—and a warm mother who died when her son was six. (Another son drifted away to Detroit, and apparently became a petty hoodlum before dying on Skid Row.) Robeson inherited his mother's sweetness and his father's dignity, eloquence, muscular build, and canyon-filling voice. At Rutgers he was both a top student and a football star (though at 6′2″ and 190 pounds, he seemed bigger than he was).

Marrying Essie, he moved into the Bohemian society of Greenwich Village, where various people recognized him as a vehicle for their ambitions and causes. It helped that everyone really liked him. After failing at law, he made his mark as an actor in everything from Shakespeare and O'Neill to lousy movies. Along the way he discovered his singing talent. But his own passion was civil rights, and as far as he was concerned his talents were worth exploiting only in order to help get black people a fair shake.

Though he was intelligent, he was guileless, and too many people were throwing themselves at him, especially women and Communists. Not that he couldn't be the aggressor; when he played Othello on Broadway with José Ferrer and his wife, Uta Hagen, he crudely grabbed Miss Hagen backstage. She succumbed at once; Othello cuckolded Iago. The affair cooled one night when Iago showed up at the door with his lawyer and a detective. On another occasion Robeson hit Miss Hagen so hard that she lost the child she was carrying (by her husband).

As this summary suggests, Robeson did acquire some guile in the course of his activities. His biographer, Martin Bauml Duberman, refers discreetly to "the needs of Paul's non-monogamous nature." His loyalty to the Coach also led him to maintain complete public silence about the Soviet purges, some of which claimed the lives of friends of his. The sincerity that had driven him at first turned into fanatical obstinacy when he came under attack during the cold war.

And the attacks were ferocious. As Duberman recounts them, they included intense racial abuse. Robeson's career as a performer never fully recovered. Neither did his personal life, though Essie stuck with him until she died in the Sixties.

By then, according to Duberman, Robeson had fallen into depression and tried to kill himself several times. It's speculated that he'd become disillusioned with Communism; but he never said so. What is clear enough is that his world had fallen apart in almost every respect.

Duberman doesn't scant Robeson's—or Stalin's—faults, but he never bothers trying to imagine why the American public was so hostile to Communism; the only anti-Communists he quotes are people like J. Edgar Hoover and Hedda Hopper. Otherwise, he doesn't let his ideas get in the way of his facts, which are meticulously assembled into an engrossing story. The life seems to speak for itself.

Robeson, by the way, was a much better singer than actor. As Othello, he completely failed to convey the Moor's smashed self-esteem at Desdemona's supposed infidelity. Where Olivier displayed shocking, writhing rage beyond all shame or dignity, Robeson could only work up disapproval. Toward Stalin he couldn't even manage that. □

THE DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

John Wauck

Putting Asunder: A History of Divorce in Western Society, by Roderick Phillips (Cambridge, 816 pp., $39.50)

"DIVORCE PROBABLY dates from the same time as marriage," Voltaire once remarked. "I think, though, that marriage is a few weeks older." The cynical notion that, whether we acknowledge it by divorce or not, marriages have always been prone to failure is one of several misconceptions corrected in *Putting Asunder*, by the Canadian historian Roderick Phillips. Having written books about divorce in New Zealand and divorce during the French Revolution, Phillips decided to tackle the big question: How did divorce become so common in the West?

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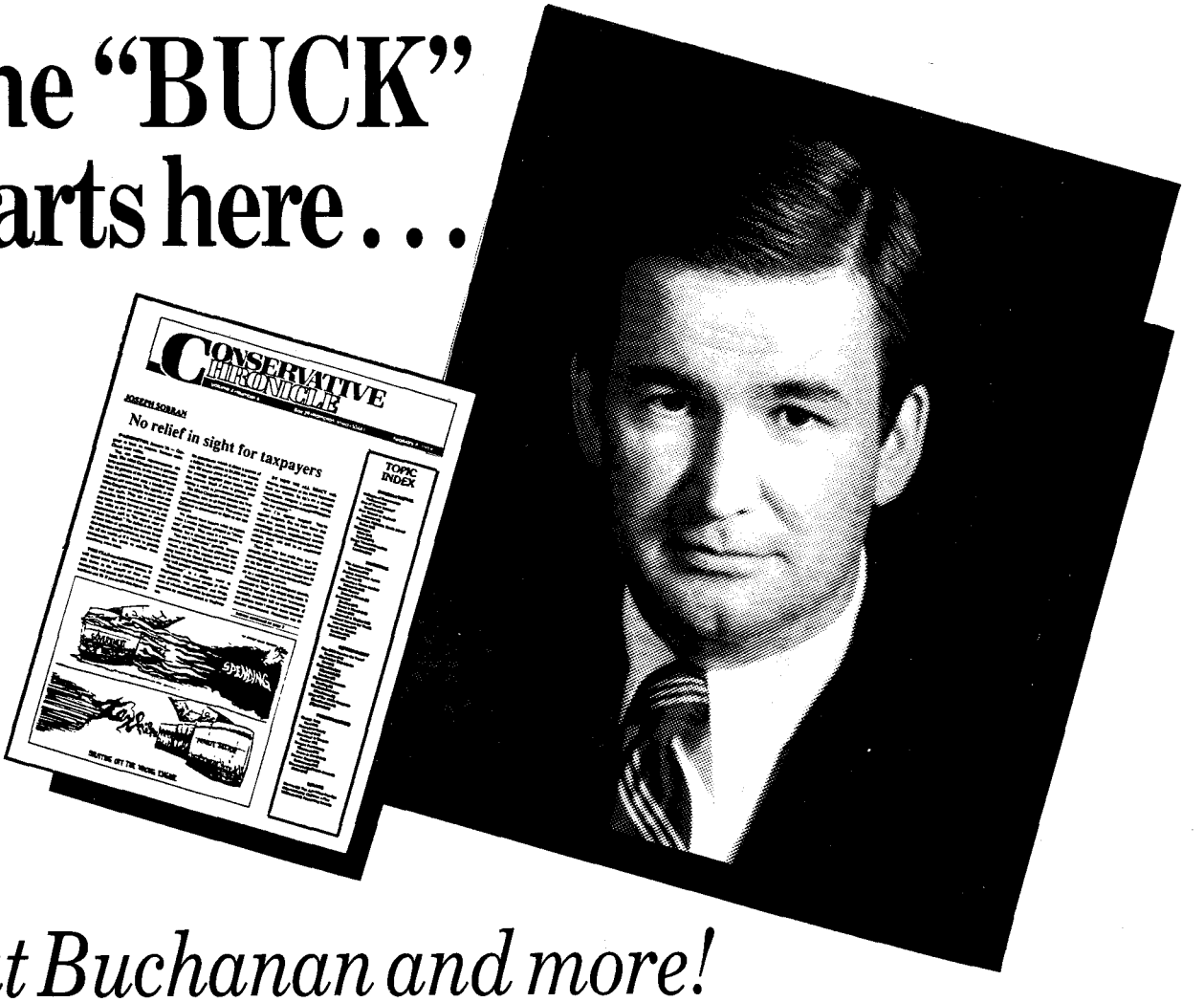

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Unfortunately, whether because the whole of Western history was a bit more than Mr. Phillips was ready to take on, or because of slackness at Cambridge University Press, this volume is marred by an unusual number of historical gaffes. A particularly puzzling example is the chapter titled "The Council of Trent and Its Catholic Critics"—puzzling because the foremost "critics" discussed are Thomas More and Erasmus, who, prescient though they were, would have had trouble criticizing a council that convened a decade after their deaths.

But within the narrower realm of divorce trends and legislation, Phillips writes with the authority of vast, painstaking scholarship. If his book has the impact it should, it may actually draw scholarly attention away from socio-economic and legal factors in divorce to the psychological and personal reality of "marital breakdown."

As Phillips notes, the history of divorce is essentially the story of the progressive rejection of Catholic marriage doctrine. Since there wasn't *any* divorce before the sixteenth century and there wasn't much until very recently, this history in practice covers a rather short span. Divorce was introduced—not without some hesitation—by Protestant Reformers on the basis of the apparently straightforward injunction found in Matthew 5:32: "Whosoever shall put way his wife, *saving for the cause of fornication*, causeth her to commit adultery" (italics added). Though the Reformers claimed that Catholic annulments were so easy to obtain that they were de facto divorces and ought to be recognized as such, Phillips presents a different picture: late-medieval Church records show that annulments were rare and were used principally to invalidate bigamous second marriages.

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The Reformers, however, were not champions of divorce, and legalization produced no immediate flood of divorces. Indeed, at the time, even bigamy was considered more acceptable than divorce, largely because of the strong Scriptural precedents among the patriarchs of Israel.

What did begin almost immediately was the secularization of divorce; Scriptural justifications soon fell by the wayside. By 1531 Ulrich Zwingli was already allowing divorce in Zurich for a list of reasons not mentioned in the Bible, including long absence, leprosy, "whoreishness," and insanity. A century later, John Milton, whose four pro-divorce tracts date from 1642 to 1645 (the years between his wife's desertion and her return), airily dismissed the anti-divorce position as "resting on the meere [*sic*] element of the Text." Before long, Protestant kings and the English Parliament began to grant extra-ecclesiastical divorces.

The modern era of divorce, especially in the English-speaking world, began only at the end of the last century. Considering its marriage-in-crisis origins, the Church of England was remarkably slow to legalize divorce. Before 1857, an English couple could not be divorced except through a private act of Parliament, though divorce was legal in some English colonies. The New England colonies allowed divorce from the start, because the Pilgrims followed the secularized marriage and divorce customs of Calvinist Holland; but the Southern, Anglican colonies resisted divorce for centuries, the outstanding example being South Carolina, which legalized divorce only in 1868 and outlawed it again in 1895, before re-legalizing it finally in 1949. Nationally, between 1867 and 1906, the number of American divorces soared from ten thousand to 72,000 a year.

The original arguments for the dramatic liberalization of divorce laws in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries seem surprisingly naïve today: divorce was going to restore public morality, reduce illegitimacy and prostitution, strengthen marriages, increase the birthrate, and improve the status of women. None of these promises was fulfilled. Indeed, a recent study, *Second Chances*, by Judith Wallerstein and Sandra Blakeslee, suggests that we are only beginning to see the full, tragic dimensions of divorce. In their study of families ten years after divorce, the authors find the signs of psychological trauma in former spouses as well as their children unabated and often aggravated. Nor has divorce curtailed the "feminization of poverty." During the 1986 divorce referendum in Ireland, one bitter woman remarked: "A woman voting for divorce is like a turkey voting for Christmas."

While some historians have argued that modern divorce rates simply reflect longer life-spans (we didn't need divorce, they say, when many marriages were dissolved by early death), Phillips observes that starting in the nineteenth century a higher proportion of men and women have been marrying than ever before, and suggests—only half in jest—that modern divorce might be seen as a "functional substitute" not for death but for celibacy.

More importantly, he demonstrates that the rising number of divorces is not simply an increasingly accurate reflection of marital failure as it has existed throughout history, but a reflection of a real increase in marriage breakdown. He blames this increase on a change in expectations: as economic cooperation and child-raising have been replaced by emotional fulfillment as the essential purpose of marriage, the inclination to stay together when enthusiasm wanes is feeble. Marriage is no longer the source of a radically new identity, an identity that might not be respected but can no more be revoked than a child can revoke the identity he receives from his parents. The shift reflects an individualistic understanding of selfhood typical of the modern democratic ideology.

Though few would go as far as

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George Santayana—who said that "the only thing a modern liberal wants to be liberated from is the marriage contract"—divorce has frequently been conceived, by both its critics and its advocates, as the domestic equivalent of political revolution. As a matter of fact, frenzies of pro-divorce legislation followed both the American and the French Revolutions. Before the enactment of the world's first no-fault divorce law in 1792, Pierre-François Gossin demanded legal divorce as the logical fulfillment of the French Revolution: "After having made man again free and happy in public life, it remains for you to assure his liberty and happiness in private life." On the eve of the Russian Revolution, Lenin wrote: "One cannot be a democrat . . . without demanding full freedom of divorce."

Speaking of his own divorce, the novelist Pat Conroy once wrote that "Every divorce is the death of a small civilization." *Putting Asunder* reveals a striking link between modern divorce, especially the "no-fault" variety, and radical politics: a common willingness to scrap a civilization, big or small, and start again—unlikely to succeed—from scratch. □

SOUND ON DISC

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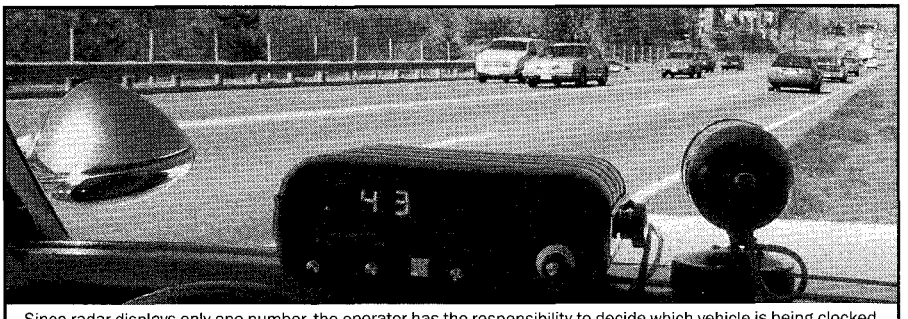
Ralph de Toledano

IF LIKE SO many of us you are converting your jazz collection to compact disc, then the following reissues on CD are highly recommended:

Early Ellington: 1927-1934—It has been said repeatedly that Duke Ellington's solo instrument was the whole orchestra. But these early and superlative recordings—"Black & Tan Fantasie," "Creole Love Call" with Adelaide Hall, "Ring Dem Bells," "Echoes of the Jungle," "Solitude," to name but a few—have just enough Ellingtonian arrangement to set off the brilliant and exciting solos of Cootie Williams (trumpet), Barney Bigard (clarinet), and Johnny Hodges (alto sax). Duke himself, who in later years hardly soloed, shows that he could easily have made it as a jazz-band pianist (Bluebird 6852-2-RB).

Duke Ellington: Black, Brown & Beige—This is the Ellington orchestra and repertory of the late 1940s and early 1950s, with the orchestra now becoming truly Duke's "voice," though the recordings abound in very fine solos. At the time, Ellington was writing concert pieces, some included here, and recasting old standards to fit the orchestral evolution of his work. Yet at no time does he forget jazz's allegiance to the dance or its musical *Geist* (RCA 6641-2-RB, 3 CDs).

Early Hines, Piano Man: His Piano and His Orchestra—"Fatha" Hines is solidly ensconced in the Jazz Hall of Fame for those beautiful and pioneering recordings he made with the young Louis Armstrong and for his influence on most of the jazz pianists who followed him. In extending Armstrong's musical horizons, he also learned to



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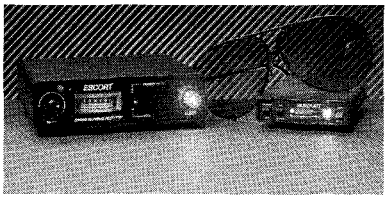

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compress his florid instrument and to play chordally close to the melody, in a technique which Teddy Wilson refined. The five solo piano cuts included here, one with the Sidney Bechet Trio, and the balance with a solidly arranged band make this an excellent sampler (Bluebird 6750-2-RB).

Artie Shaw: The Complete Gramercy Five Sessions—Shaw was not only one of the finest white clarinet players—in feeling much closer than Goodman to the jazz gut—but an excellent arranger and band leader. His band—unlike Goodman's, which tended to move down a single groove—had a range of styles and moods. But like Goodman, Shaw had a "band within a band"—the Gramercy Five, a totally improvisational group which in its first incarnation included the stridencies of a harpsichord. In their drive and musicianship, these Gramercy Five recordings, 15 cuts in all, represent some of the best small-band jazz of the swing era. And humor abides in one of the originals recorded—"When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin" (Bluebird 7637-2-RB).

Bix Beiderbecke: Bix Lives—Ignore the Presleyesque title. These are 23 cuts of prime Beiderbecke, mostly with the Paul Whiteman hot section, and include some good scatting by Bing Crosby in his soprano days. If Bix was in a band, you could hear him even if he was only playing lead cornet. His phrasing, intonation, melodic line, and cadence were unique, as were his solo bursts of emotion. Even at his most exuberant, there was a plangency to his expression that at late-night jam sessions must have been overwhelming (Bluebird 6845-2-RB).

It was my fear, when CDs began replacing LPs, that much of the great old and righteous jazz would be lost. But the CD jazz library continues to grow—*gracias a Dios* and the record companies—and I will try to keep the *aficionados* informed.

KURT WEILL was a composer of considerable distinction who translated to the musical stage both the dissonances and atonalities of the music of this century's first decades, and the moodiness, bitterness, and intellectual corruption of Weimar Germany. His *Threepenny Opera*, derived from but lacking the light-hearted cynicism of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, is a document of that era and that prove-

nance. So too is *The Seven Deadly Sins*, whose book also was by that Communist dramatic laureate, the grim Bertolt Brecht. The *Sins* on stage was an unusual combination of ballet and morality—sung, spoken, and danced—broken up not into scenes but into seven parts, one for each sin. It was produced in Paris not long before World War II with choreography by Balanchine. But I suspect that as a CD recording, with Julia Migenes as the two Annas and the London Symphony Orchestra under Michael Tilson Thomas, it will be far more successful than the staged ballet drama. The score overcomes the message, which is not a very convincing one, and Julia Migenes's interpretation has just the shade of acerbic desperation that is called for (CBS Masterworks MK44529). □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Beyond Good Intentions: A Biblical View of Politics, by Doug Bandow (Crossways, 271 pp., $9.95)

THE BEST-KNOWN libertarians, such as Ayn Rand and Murray Rothbard, have spent much time and energy writing shrill denunciations of religion, Christianity in particular, arguing that religious faith tends to lead to fanaticism and government oppression, and therefore threatens individual liberty. What's unusual about Doug Bandow, a libertarian and senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is that he not only believes firmly in the inerrancy of Scripture, but indeed finds support in the Bible for the political doctrines of Rand and Rothbard. Faith and freedom are not mutually exclusive, Bandow argues in this provocative new book. In fact, he offers evidence to suggest that freedom cannot long survive without religious faith. The great problem facing America today, he believes, is that "the expansive state has increasingly replaced God as the creator and sustainer of life." In making his case, Bandow cites God's extraordinary warning to the Israelites when they demanded to be ruled by a king. You don't want a king, God said through the prophet Samuel, for "he will take your sons and make them serve with his chariots and horses . . . He will take the best of your fields and vineyards and olive groves and give them to his attendants. He will take a tenth of your grain and of your vintage and give it to his officials and attendants . . . He will take a tenth of your flocks, and you yourselves will become his slaves" (1 Samuel 8:11-17). Bandow goes on to look at how principles found in the Bible can be applied to today's questions of public policy. On poverty, for example, he cites Jesus: "The poor you will always have with you" (Mark 14:7). And, although the Bible commands Christians to extend a helping hand to the needy, St. Paul suggests that the idle do not deserve to eat: "Keep away from every brother who is idle," for men are to "earn the bread they eat" (2 Thessalonians 3:6, 12). Other specific issues Bandow discusses in relation to Biblical precepts include foreign aid, criminal justice, drugs, education, comparable worth, and regional conflicts with the Soviet Union. However, since God addresses individuals, not governments, Bandow freely admits that what the Bible generally supplies is broad principles, not concrete answers to specific public-policy questions. On the whole,

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though, his book is an important contribution. BENJAMIN HART

Edmund Burke: Prescription and Providence, by Francis Canavan (Carolina Academic Press, 200 pp., $24.95)

As long as conservatives continue to revere the twin values of constitutional government and its basis in a transcendent order, Edmund Burke will remain their chief prophet. In this book, Canavan provides a much-needed clarification of how, in an age like ours when everything is questioned and higher authorities are constantly yet irresponsibly invoked, Burke still serves to reconcile the transcendent ends of government with their fulfillment in constitutions. Canavan untangles the difficulties in Burke's understanding of prescription and providence, two of his key terms. He argues against Leo Strauss, who thought that Burke's beliefs were fundamentally historicist: Strauss considered prescription an attempt to sanctify positive law, and claimed that providence merely attributes to God the historical acts of men. Strauss thought Burke failed to provide a transcendent foundation for his politics, whether in nature, reason, or a divine order. Canavan's book demonstrates that the basis of Burke's providence is not the pale "natural supernaturalism" of eighteenth-century deism, but a sincere Anglicanism; in which "the reflection of the divine intelligence in created nature is the foundation of a natural moral law which man can discover, and the natural law is both the basis and the supreme norm of man's constitutions and laws." The difficulty Canavan faces in discussing the second theme, prescription, is Burke's incorporation of prescription into natural law. A constitution or long-continued practice cannot, by itself, serve as its own norm. For Burke, the authority of government depends upon its fulfillment of its natural purpose—to serve the needs of human nature. As Canavan interprets Burke, then, prescription turns out to have a teleology. And yet, without empirical evidence to the contrary, prescriptively validated titles and practices should be considered the concrete and contingent fulfillment of nature, reason, and divine order. Burke's attention to the three latter terms has long made him popular among the Old Right and (I suspect) rather less popular among neoconservatives. A question all conservatives might ponder (though not specifically raised by Canavan) is whether Burke will someday be regarded as the thinker who can unite the principal neoconservative strength—empirical analysis—with the Old Right's emphasis on higher authority. DAN RITCHIE

Nuts and Bolts of the Past: A History of American Technology, 1776-1860, by David Freeman Hawke (Harper & Row, 308 pp., $18.95)

This is about as good as a short popular history of American technology could possibly be. It has wit, erudition, a guiding thesis, and, appropriately, the practical shaping skill that characterized the artisans and inventors who are its subject. Hawke's thesis is that educated people during America's early years looked down on artisans, with the result that, as Hawke puts it, "The people who declared America to be an independent nation have been honored, but those who did much to make that independence a reality have generally been overlooked." This point is made cogently and well: Tocqueville in all his travels through this country apparently never stepped inside a machine shop; though Cincinnati grew wealthy from pork-packing, there is far more information available about early musical performances in that city than about its innovative method of assembly-line butchery. But Hawke is always genial. He explains how and why "the heavy, awkward axe brought from England . . . evolved into a nicely balanced, lighter axe that took a deeper bite with less effort," and his technique is so polished that his own axe-grinding is easy and inoffensive. Is there a vast amount of material to cover? Short chapters organize it all into well-labeled compartments. Is his work a compendium of the work of other scholars? He quotes from their most amusing passages, and his bibliography is a feast. A certain straining after cleverness in chapter openings is the book's chief failing; but even here, Hawke's light touch saves him from major calamity. It cannot often happen that one is tempted to call friends up and read to them from a work on colonial and antebellum American technology. With Hawke, it happens all the time.

JAMES M. RAWLEY

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In a fresh departure from most literature on revolution in Latin America--which tends to focus on social injustice or U.S. interests--this volume deals with flesh-and-bone revolutionary cadres. It raises the question of how well the leaders actually represent the people they claim to speak for and casts doubt on the "progressive" character of revolutionary movements. Includes contributions by Ernst Halperin, Paul Hollander, Irving Louis Horowitz, Douglas Payne, Michael Radu, William Ratliff, Vladimir Tismaneanu, and Antonio Ybarra-Rojas.

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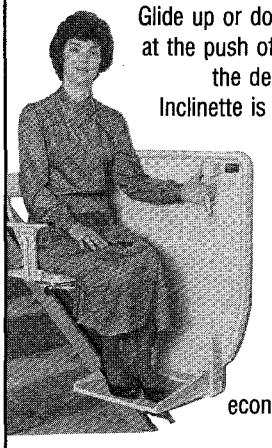

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. A garnet is one (2 words) — GÉMSTONE — 95 5 104 71 125 157 27 140

B. Western state — WYOMING — 98 58 36 117 150 68 80

C. Show reverence — GÉNUFLÉCT — 152 54 82 91 156 41 8 169 31

D. Sniper, at times — RIFLEMAN — 61 39 144 102 131 122 30 94

E. Behind, nautically speaking — ABAFT — 154 24 78 145 72

F. California park — YOSEMITE — 20 167 23 4 139 67 35 161

G. Turning over stones — SEARCHING — 13 116 60 89 148 47 64 2 79

H. We can raise our glasses to this field of medicine — OPTOMETRY — 163 135 52 12 105 74 149 37 121

I. Poseidon — NEPTUNE — 112 170 101 46 128 57 123

J. German dwarf of legend — RUMPELSTILT — 45 103 7 96 25 119 53 76 81 136 — TSKIN — 65 33 87 147 17

K. Catholic school in Pennsylvania — IMMACULATA — 93 134 73 143 15 114 155 50 107 34

L. Magazine's explosive contents? (2 words) — POWDERKEG — 49 120 84 3 99 132 165 70 83

M. Models — EXAMPLES — 133 9 111 19 118 40 59 77

N. Possible result of a sudden downpour (2 words) — FLASHFLOOD — 158 29 42 62 153 166 146 44 16 6

O. Descriptive of some ivory (hyph.) — OFFWHITE — 85 28 43 162 21 108 159 56

P. Convalescence — RÉCOVERY — 164 88 11 97 55 106 127 138

Q. Gaunt — RAWBONED — 168 22 63 90 126 109 48 113

R. Making up — INVENTING — 1 129 69 26 141 38 10 151 110

S. In attendance (2 words) — ONHAND — 18 75 160 32 124 130

T. Next — THEN — 142 66 14 115

U. Worthless — SORRY — 51 137 100 86 92

1 R I	2 G N	3 L D	4 F E	5 A É	6 N D		7 J M	8 C É	9 M X	10 R I	11 P C	12 H O	13 G S		14 T É	15 K C	16 N O	17 J N	18 S O
19 M M	20 F Y		21 O H	22 Q A	23 F S		24 E B	25 J E	26 R É	27 A N		28 O F	29 N L	30 D A	31 C T		32 S A	33 J S	
34 K A		35 F T	36 B O	37 H K	38 R T	39 D I	40 M L	41 C L	42 N A		43 O F	44 N O	45 J R		46 I T	47 G H	48 Q É		49 L P
50 K A	51 U S	52 H T		53 J S	54 C É	55 P V	56 O É	57 I N		58 B Y	59 M É	60 G A	61 D R	62 N S		63 Q W	64 C I	65 J T	66 T H
	67 F I	68 B N	69 R V	70 L É	71 A S	72 E T	73 K M	74 H E	75 S N	76 J T		77 M S	78 E A	79 G G	80 B G	81 J I	82 C N	83 L G	
84 L W	85 O O	86 U R	87 J K	88 P É	89 G R		90 Q B	91 C U	92 U Y	93 K I	94 D N	95 A G		96 J P	97 P O	98 B W	99 L É	100U R	
101I P	102D L	103J U	104A M	105H M	106P É	107K T	108O I	109Q N	110R G		111M A	112I N	113Q D		114K U	115T N	116G É	117B M	118M P
119J	120L O	121H Y	122D M	123I É	124S N	125A T		126Q O	127P R		128I U	129R N	130S D	131D É	132L R	133M É	134K M	135H P	136J L
137U O	138P Y	139F M	140A É	141R N	142T T		143K A	144D F	145E F	146N L	147J I	148G C	149H T	150B I	151R N	152C G		153N H	154E A
155K L	156C F		157A O	158N F		159O T	160S H	161F É		162O W	163H O	164P R	165L K	166N F	167F O	168Q K	169C C	170I É	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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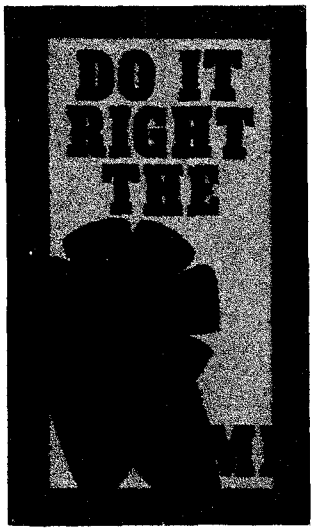

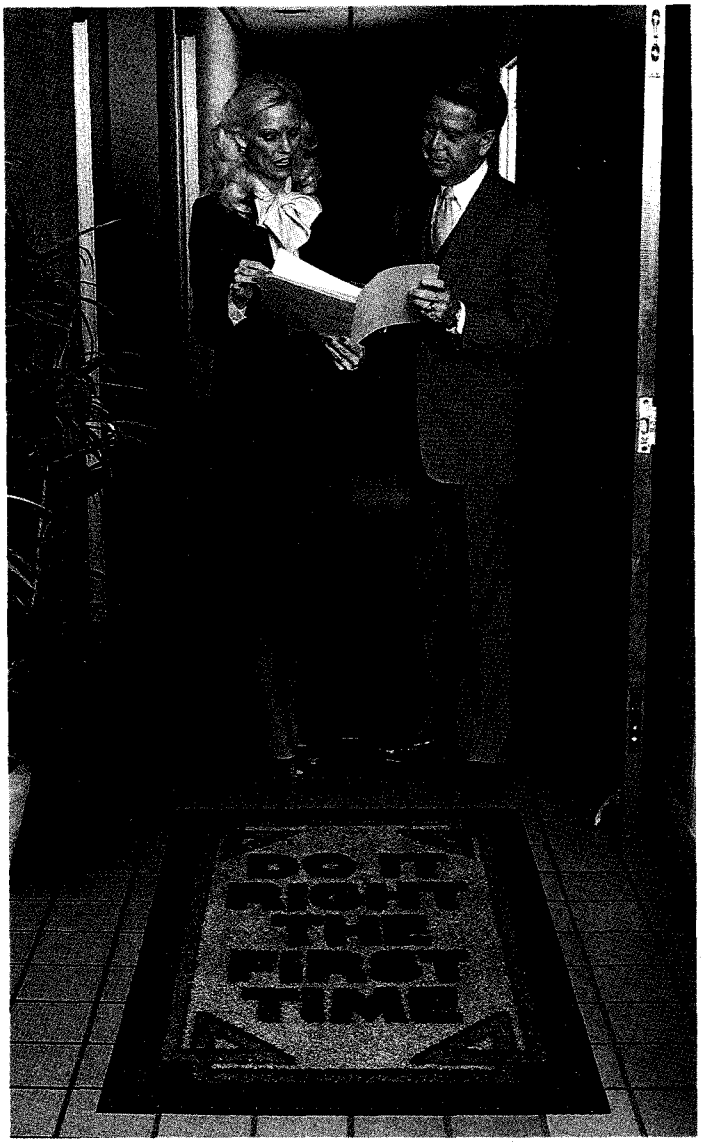

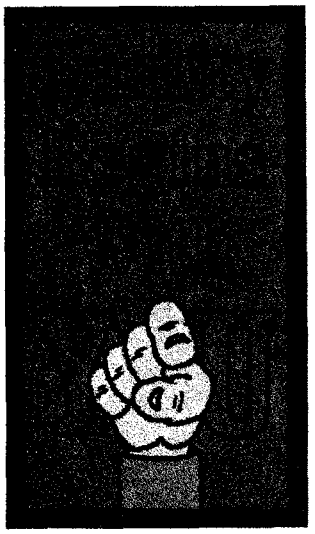

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